

ANNUAL
MONITOR
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NEW SERIES, No. 57.

THE

ANNUAL MONITOR

FOR 1899,

OR

OBITUARY

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1898.

LONDON :

SOLD BY HEADLEY BROS., 14, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT ;

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J. AND S. GOUGH, TEMPERANCE HOTEL, DUBLIN ;

AND BY THE EDITOR,

WILLIAM ROBINSON, ST. OUENS, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

1898.

HEADLEY BROS.,
PRINTERS,
LONDON AND ASHFORD, KENT.

1429601

PREFACE.

IN issuing another volume of the "Annual Monitor," I am glad that, by the kind and ready help of Friends, to whom I tender my sincere thanks, I am again able to furnish its pages with narratives of christian lives, some of them of special interest and instructiveness, and full of incitement and encouragement to those who read them to seek, by the grace of the same God and Saviour, to tread in paths like those in which the departed have trodden. The world is full of unrest, political, social and spiritual ; and it is good to read of those who, in very varied positions in life, whether that of the lowly mill-hand, or the conspicuous man of affairs, have found in whole hearted love to their Lord and faithful devotedness to His service, their portion of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Does not the spiritual unrest of these closing years of the century

come as a call from on high to us Friends, to let the light of Gospel truth, as it is given to us to hold it, shine more brightly among men? Sacerdotalism is striving to persuade the world, that it is through rite and ceremony, involving priestly intervention, that fallen man is to find his way of return to God and to the life of God's children. To us it is given to grasp and to hold forth in all the depth and practical outcome of its meaning, the teaching of Jesus,—“it is the Spirit that quickeneth (giveth life), the flesh profiteth nothing ; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.” The first buds of sacerdotalism, in the early centuries of Christianity, were but small ; but the outcome of their slow but sure growth are the ecclesiasticism and priestly systems of to-day. May we, as a religious body, be on the watch against the first small budding of any such tendency amongst us.

WILLIAM ROBINSON.

St. Ovens,

Weston-super-Mare.

Twelfth Month, 1898.

List of Memoirs.

MARY BACKHOUSE.

ARTHUR PEASE.

JOSEPH P. DREWETT.

ANABELLA PRICE.

MARY ELIOTT.

ANNA S. PROCTER.

ANNA MARIA FOX.

RICHARD B. RUTTER.

FRANCIS FRITH.

JOHN THOMPSON.

LUCY GILL.

CHARLES F. WAKEFIELD.

SUSANNAH JENNINGS.

THEODORE WEST.

JAMES KENWAY.

HENRY WIGHAM.

WILLIAM A. LOVELESS.

FREDERIC WOOD.

WILLIAM NASH.

WILLIAM U. DITZLER.

These memoirs are published on the sole responsibility of the writers, their friends, and the Editor.

T A B L E,
*Showing the Deaths at different Ages, in the Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland,
 during the years 1895-96, 1896-97, and 1897-98.*

AGE.	YEAR 1895-96.			YEAR 1896-97.			YEAR 1897-98.		
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Under 1 year*	4	1	5	7	2	9	12	10	5
From 5 to 10 years...	2	3	5	2	0	1
10 to 15	10	15	25	1	2	3	0	1	1
15 to 20	15	20	35	2	4	6	5	3	3
20 to 30	20	30	50	6	15	21	11	7	13
30 to 40	30	40	70	9	16	25	20	7	14
40 to 50	40	50	90	8	15	23	13	6	14
50 to 60	50	60	110	11	23	34	22	12	23
60 to 70	60	70	130	21	41	62	26	17	61
70 to 80	70	80	150	23	37	60	45	29	72
80 to 90	80	90	170	27	41	68	46	21	42
90 to 100	90	100	190	7	12	19	4	3	7
All Ages	111	132	243	134	142	276	136	130	266

** The numbers in this series are included in the next "under 5 years"

Average age in 1895-96
The numbers

THE
ANNUAL MONITOR,
1899.

OBITUARY.

	Age.	Time of Decease.		
ANN ABBATT,	73	20	11mo.	1897
<i>Bolton.</i> Wife of William Abbatt.				
THOMAS ABBATT,	71	27	2mo.	1898
<i>Bolton.</i> An Elder.				
ANNA N. ABBOTT,	62	14	4mo.	1898
<i>Cork.</i>				
HENRY ABBOTT,	47	29	3mo.	1898
<i>Lexden, Colchester.</i>				
WILLIAM ADAIR,	66	1	11mo.	1897
<i>Keswick.</i>				
THOMAS AGGS,	75	17	11mo.	1897
<i>Dorking.</i>				
WILLIAM ALLEN,	89	31	10mo.	1897
<i>Dorking.</i>				

ARTHUR R. APPLEBY, 29 12 4mo. 1898

Sunderland.

RICHENDA ASHWORTH, 41 10 6mo. 1898

Bolton le Moors. Wife of Robert Ashworth.

WILLIAM ATKINSON, 32 25 5mo. 1898

Sunderland.

MARY BACKHOUSE, 63 21 10mo. 1897

York. An Elder. Widow of James Backhouse.

Mary Backhouse was the daughter of Isaac and Sarah Robson, and was born in Liverpool in the summer of 1834. In 1838 the family removed to Huddersfield, and a bright happy girlhood was spent in that West Riding town, frequent intercourse with her Bradford cousins, the children of Benjamin and Esther Seebohm, being one of the pleasant memories of her early days. These were followed by several years at the Quarterly Meeting's School, in Castlegate, York, then under the care of Eliza and Catherine Stringer, and friendships were formed there which lasted for the rest of life.

In 1855, Mary Robson was married to James Backhouse of York, of whom a memorial notice appeared in the "Annual Monitor" for 1891. This union introduced her to many and varied interests, scientific and intellectual. Many learned men

found their way to the beautiful home at West Bank, where the cultivated conversation from the well-stored mind of the host, and the bright warm welcome and the genial kindness of the hostess, made the lines seem specially appropriate :—

Their hearthstone was a broad and pleasant space,
Where many mingled ;
Where none for honour or the highest place,
Apart were singled.
This their example has bequeathed to others,
The children of one Father all are brothers.

Sorrow came to James and Mary Backhouse in the loss of children : an infant daughter in 1870 ; and a son of much promise just entering manhood, who was taken from them in 1883 after a long illness, during which two winters had been spent on the Continent in search of health.

Keenly as these sorrows touched a most affectionate mother, they were not allowed to prevent her from entering into the joys and sorrows of others ; and her loving sympathy was often shown in quiet visits to the homes of invalids or lonely friends, where her presence was warmly welcomed. Her husband's and son's illnesses absorbed her time and energies for several years, and her health suffered from the

strain, so that she was never again able to take up some of the active duties she would gladly have continued to perform. At one time, at the advice of her doctor, she regretfully declined a request to serve on the Board of Guardians. Her friends, however, still met the sunny welcome, and enjoyed talking with her of the books she had been reading, or walks with her in the grounds where every turn was connected with the happy memories of her early married life, and of the hand which had done so much to make Art conceal Art.

In the early spring of 1897, a severe seizure of paralysis confined Mary Backhouse for some time to one room ; but she recovered sufficiently to be wheeled into her garden and to take long drives, to her great enjoyment. Her sunny temperament made the sick-room a pleasant place for those who waited on her. She would often speak thankfully of her many mercies ; and though at times when feeling better, she would look to and speak of recovery, we believe the end which came so gently on the 21st of Tenth Month, 1897, was no surprise to her. She knew in whom she had believed. Life had meant to her a “going to the Father” ; and those who mourn the blank left, and the great

loss sustained, can give thanks for the reverent confidence that for her death meant, to be "for ever with the Lord."

SARAH BAKE, 82 22 9mo. 1898

Mossley Hill, Liverpool. An Elder. Widow of Benjamin Bake.

ALEXANDER BAKER, 29 1 11mo. 1897

San Salvador. Son of the late James and Elizabeth Baker of York.

GEORGE E. BAKER, 45 7 11mo. 1897

Hatton, near Birmingham.

MORRIS BAKER, 68 1 8mo. 1898

Harborne, Birmingham.

THOMAS BAKER, 67 24 5mo. 1898

Bray, Co. Wicklow.

CATHERINE BALE, 89 10 4mo. 1898

Stoke Newington.

JOSEPH G. BARCLAY, 81 25 4mo. 1898

Leyton, Essex.

SAMUEL BARLOW, 78 5 4mo. 1898

Darlington.

THOMAS BARLOW, 72 23 12mo. 1897

Stockport and Colwyn Bay.

ANNIE BARON, 40 4 7mo. 1898

Sevenoaks. Wife of Richard Baron.

WILLIAM R. BARRITT, 79 30 9mo. 1898

St. Augustine's Road, Cudgen Square, London.

RACHEL BARROW,	75	26	8mo.	1898
<i>Birkdale, Southport.</i>				
ANNA M. BATT,	83	20	8mo.	1898
<i>Redland, Bristol.</i>				
JOHN BEHARREL,	62	18	9mo.	1897
<i>Hull.</i>				
BEN BENTLEY,	78	21	9mo.	1897
<i>Dewsbury.</i>				
PHILIP H. BEER,	16mo.	6	3mo.	1898
<i>Folkestone.</i> Son of William H. and Norah F. H. Beer.				
MARGARET BILTON,	73	25	4mo.	1898
<i>Bradford.</i> Widow of Edward Bilton.				
JOSEPH B. BINYON,	89	19	12mo.	1897
<i>Yanworth.</i>				
THOMAS BLASDALE,	65	16	6mo.	1898
<i>Nottingham.</i>				
GUSTAF BLOOMQUIST,	47	6	1mo.	1898
<i>Sunderland.</i>				
THOMAS W. BOWER,	52	8	3mo.	1898
<i>Ulverstone.</i>				
JOHN H. BOWMAN,	35	1	2mo.	1898
<i>Alport, near Bakewell.</i> Son of William and Elizabeth Bowman.				
AGNES BRACKEN,	41	5	1mo.	1898
<i>Preston Patrick.</i> Wife of Thomas Bracken.				

HENRIETTA W. BREVETOR,	79	30	1mo.	1898
<i>Burnham.</i>				
MARY BRIGGS,	84	11	3mo.	1898
<i>Stoke Newington.</i> Widow of Benjamin Briggs.				
WILLIAM BRITTAINE,	65	22	4mo.	1898
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>				
HARRIET E. BROOKE,	74	22	12mo.	1897
<i>West Norwood.</i>				
ELIZA BROWN,	62	17	11mo.	1897
<i>Cambridge.</i> Wife of William R. Brown.				
JOSEPH BROWN,	77	16	2mo.	1898
<i>Oxton, Birkenhead.</i>				
MARY BROWN,	76	5	10mo.	1898
<i>Evesham.</i> An Elder. Wife of William W. Brown.				
ELIZABETH S. BUCK,	72	30	3mo.	1898
<i>Poplar.</i> Wife of Henry C. W. Buck.				
FREDERIC BURGESS,	60	9	2mo.	1898
<i>Reading.</i>				
JOHN W. BURNE,	27	3	11mo.	1897
<i>Liverpool.</i> Son of Joseph G. Burne, M.D.				
MARIA BURTON,	67	2	4mo.	1898
<i>Didsbury.</i> Widow of William Burton.				
FRANCIS BUTTERFIELD,	85	23	2mo.	1898
<i>Keighley.</i>				
EMMA R. CANN,	52	24	2mo.	1898
<i>Hunstanton.</i>				

ETHEL M. CATCHPOOL,	35	12	7mo.	1898.
<i>Hastings. Died at Madras.</i>				
CHARLES A. CHRISTY,	33	21	8mo.	1898.
<i>Chelmsford.</i>				
TIMOTHY J. COLLOPY,	78	19	12mo.	1897
<i>Bramley Road, London.</i>				
GEORGE COOKE,	87	19	4mo.	1898.
<i>Liverpool. An Elder.</i>				
SARAH COOKE,	84	26	3mo.	1898.
<i>Liverpool.</i>				
ANN M. COTTON,	64	2	3mo.	1898.
<i>Sheffield. Wife of Frank Cotton.</i>				
THOMAS CRASS,	47	15	9mo.	1898.
<i>South Shields.</i>				
PHILIP CRAWSHAW,	65	4	5mo.	1898.
<i>Deptford.</i>				
ALFRED B. C. Crowley,	21mo	26	8mo.	1898.
<i>Croydon. Son of Alfred C. and M. L. Crowley.</i>				
ANN DAVENPORT,	38	6	2mo.	1898.
<i>Penketh. Wife of William Davenport.</i>				
CHRISTIAN S. DAVIS,	78	16	1mo.	1898.
<i>Bristol.</i>				
THOMAS DAVIS,	75	14	6mo.	1898.
<i>Foxrock, Dublin.</i>				
LYDIA B. DAVY,	65	22	12mo.	1897
<i>Lincoln. Widow of Dennis Davy.</i>				

ELIZA ANN DEANE,	64	31	3mo.	1898
<i>York.</i> Died at Cheltenham.			Widow of	
William Hack Deane.				
ISAAC DELL,	84	6	2mo.	1898
<i>Bristol.</i>				
LUCY M. DELL,	55	31	1mo.	1898
<i>Bristol.</i> Daughter of Isaac Dell.				
JOHN DINSDALE,	81	7	3mo.	1898
<i>Hawes.</i>				
CAROLINE DIX,	66	27	7mo.	1898
<i>Croydon.</i> Widow of Richard J. Dix.				
MARY M. DIXON,	3	2	7mo.	1898
<i>Cockermouth.</i> Daughter of William F. and				
Eleanor Dixon.				
HENRY DOEG,	24	19	10mo.	1897
<i>Chickney, Canada.</i> Son of George W. and				
Sarah Doeg.				
JANE E. DONCASTER,	52	23	10mo.	1897
<i>Wandsworth.</i>				
JOSEPH P. DREWETT,	62	5	9mo.	1898
<i>Arnside.</i>				

Born at Luton in 1836, the son of the late William and Gulielma M. Drewett, the subject of this memoir was in boyhood very impressionable to kind and gracious influences, and, more than many perhaps, to such as come to sensitive young minds in hours of public worship. In

recent years it sometimes surprised his friends to hear him refer to sentiments set forth in meeting whilst he was a scholar at Ackworth, the influence of which had never died out of his life, nor the memory of the individuals to whom he was indebted for them. His reverence for sacred things was probably natural to him, but owed much of its early cultivation to his mother, a God-fearing woman who carried her religion into practical every-day duties in a manner which could not fail to have its effect upon her children. Of this good mother's counsel and encouragement he had the privilege almost down to the end of his life, her death preceding his own by only one year.

His choice of a career—that of a teacher—was happily in accord with almost every element of his character. Its varied associations with young life undoubtedly very favourably developed the best points of his nature. Having passed successfully through his apprenticeship at Ackworth School, forming many friendships on the way, and a course of study at the Flounders Institute, he went upon the staff of the Friends' School at Kendal, upon which he remained nine or ten years. During his connection with that School, his conscientious devotion and loyalty to

the various duties which fell to him won for him the esteem of the members of the house, older and younger. His gentleness and his readiness to help them in every laudable enterprise quickly gained him the regard of the boys, and his charitable construction of their defects was often warmly appreciated. His heart was so true, and discord so hateful to him, that he was led so to rule his life that the only source of discomfort or unhappiness which ever seemed to oppress him arose from the occasional discovery that his discipline was, for the moment, alienating the spirit of an insubordinate one. Then, restless and disturbed by the consciousness that sweetness had gone out of his life, he would declare how hard it was for him to endure the sense of being at variance with anyone. He was a very "all round" man. There was no department of school-life in which he did not manifest interest. Whatever the movement of the hour, it was always known by masters and boys alike that his support was to be relied on. He was full of sympathy with youth. The Friends of Kendal were not slow to recognise his worth outside the school precincts, and the place he then commenced to make in their regard was the forerunner of the still higher appreciation they

entertained for him, when, after many years, he again made his home amongst them.

He left Kendal after the death of his father, in order to assist his mother to conduct the business. But the love of his profession was too strong to allow him to abandon it, and he, in partnership with Cranston Woodhead, established a school at Hitchin. He had, in the meantime, married Anne Marshall, the second daughter of Samuel Marshall of Kendal. His wife's health was, however, too feeble to sustain the cares of school-life, and thus obliged Joseph Drewett to live in a house apart from the school, whilst his partner's wife became responsible for the domestic arrangements within the establishment. These conditions by no means lessened J. Drewett's anxieties or the weight of his responsibilities. But the old joy of training young lives was upon him, and for the seven years between 1873 and 1880, he devoted himself to his duties with an ever increasing earnestness and sense of their sacredness. Services ably and zealously performed met with their reward in the appreciation of parents and the affection of pupils ; but the increasing infirmity of his wife, together with other circumstances he could not control, led him to retire from active life and settle at Arnside in West-

morland, where he was near his wife's relatives and the scenes of many cherished associations. Here for several years the best of his energy and a large proportion of his leisure were lovingly devoted to his suffering wife, upon whom a creeping paralysis was slowly but irresistibly gaining ground, and which was eventually to prove fatal. Yet it was impossible that his active mind and his love of doing something to the advantage of his fellow-men should be altogether confined to the sick room. He saw, in the village of Arnside, a need for the working classes of greater facilities for intellectual pursuits, and was the chief instrument in the formation of the Educational Institute. To the prosperity of this organisation he liberally devoted time and labour down to a very recent date, when one of those untoward events, which sometimes intrude into well-regulated lives, led him to sever his active connection with it. Finding, some years after the foundation of this Institute, that its operations did not extensively reach the class for which its benefits were especially intended, Joseph Drewett devised a "Magazine Society," which should take reading into the homes of the people. This has for many years been widely appreciated, and rarely less than thirty families have been members

of this Society, into whose homes no fewer than ten or twelve good periodicals thus regularly find their way.

But Joseph Drewett's most distinguished effort to ameliorate men's lives was, perhaps, his mission work in a neighbouring hamlet. This isolated cluster of cottages was inhabited by a peculiar people who rarely connected themselves, more than they could help, with other communities, and who bore, rightly or wrongly, but a very indifferent reputation with their neighbours. A clergyman held a little Sunday afternoon service in the village school, but the means of awakening spiritual life among the people were of the slenderest nature. A good man of light and leading, who had settled close by the hamlet, did what he could for a few years to improve the state of things ; but, when he passed away, the old inert condition again settled down upon the cottagers. A few excellent Wesleyans of Arnside next organised a little religious effort, and out of this movement, with which Joseph Drewett had much sympathy, grew his scheme for establishing a mission room in the place. Mr. Watson of Rochdale, the original inventor of the manufacture of silk-plush, found the money for the erection of a substantial and commodious

building ; J. Drewett organised a Sunday morning school and a mission meeting for the evening, gradually adding various helpful accessories, the latest of which was a successful class for carpentry in winter evenings. All these operations he sedulously watched, down to the time of his death, devoting very considerable time and exertion to them personally, in addition to the work of organisation. But his labours were not confined to the mission room. He was vigilant in his interest in the affairs of the individuals of the community, frequently visiting their homes, doing what lay in his power to alleviate their hardships, and to win some of them from evil ways. It is neither easy nor necessary to tabulate the results of such efforts. It is perhaps best to leave the estimate of them to the eye of faith. Disappointments many there were of course, and compensations sufficient. The words of a poor bed-ridden woman, addressed to Joseph Drewett, "I think our Saviour walks with you reg'lar," will show what manner of personality he was to the few more tender-spirited ones of the rude little hamlet. Time brought him helpers and supporters from the neighbourhood. Upon these the continuation of his work will now devolve, and there is no reason to anticipate its failure.

Without being, in the specialist's sense, a scholar or a man of science, Joseph Drewett interested himself in all such intellectual pursuits as his choice of life and work rendered serviceable to him. In this regard he was eminently practical, and his acquirements were always at the service of those who could benefit from them. He desired few things more than to use his talents, and to share with others pleasures at his command. In 1887 he paid a visit to the United States with William Ransom of Hitchin, the enjoyment of which he not only regarded as a favour to be thankful for, but, as he wrote on his return voyage, as a stimulus, not only by word but by a more devoted life to show his gratitude to Him who had, through the instrumentality of human means, given him the pleasure, and watched over all of them during the enjoyment of it. And it was surprising on how many subsequent occasions he made this visit do duty, in varied ways, in giving pleasure and instruction to others.

Joseph Drewett had his ideals but did not rest in them. When an ideal took possession of his mind, he hastened to convert as much of it as he could into an actuality. He did not allow an idea to evaporate in the search for perfection,

knowing something doubtless of the virtue underlying the old proverb : "The best is the enemy of the good." It must be granted that there was a certain enthusiasm in him which made him at times exceedingly *tenax propositi*. Perhaps this was the side of his character which met with least appreciation. He saw his side of a question in so bright a light that he had sometimes extreme difficulty in yielding to the judgment of others who differed from him on method or policy.

His life was built up upon a keen realization of its seriousness. There was absolutely no particle of the frivolous in his nature. Yet there was a bright and amiable cheerfulness that recommended his Christian profession, and made him a *grata persona* to thoughtful people. He had many close friends among such, and golden opinions of him were not hard to find among those who knew him well. On religious subjects he cultivated a broad charity. His own convictions of Christian truth were clear, and his aversion from formality and ritual was emphatic, but he found no difficulty in associating deep spirituality with views widely different from his own. A month before his death he wrote to one of his sisters : "The divine roof covers all those who are honestly seeking to know God, in whatever

direction they are searching." Some years ago he wrote to the same correspondent: "Tell — not to go by the wisdom of this man or that man, but to seek, as Paul tells us, to be ruled by the power of God, with no human being between us and Him. I believe that God reveals Himself and His will to us in different ways, according to the nature He has given to us, and that we see the truth from a different point from one another ; else how could there be true servants of God in sections of the church so widely opposed as Catholics and Friends ? God will reveal Himself through the face of His dear Son through the Holy Spirit, if only we are really seeking Him, and then nothing can shake us, even if we meet with good men holding diverse views." Of one thing he was, however, very intolerant. Amongst those in whom he interested himself were some who occasionally lapsed from the better life into which he had been the means of leading them, and, in such cases, any reflection upon the offender roused his anger. He regarded such censure as a proof of mischievous incapacity to comprehend the magnitude of the struggle between a man and his besetting sin.

He had for some time a country-house in Dentdale, and there also he threw himself into

the interests of the people, especially of those around the old meeting-house at Leayet. His character and services were perhaps more appreciated by none than by the honest-hearted, intelligent people of that valley-head, many of whom are descendants of Friends, who saw in him only what stirred worthy reminders of ancestors whose characters they revere.

In the small gatherings of Friends at Arnside, his ministry—thoughtful, unconventional and promotive of spiritual seriousness—was much valued, and not less so in some neighbouring country meetings where his appearance was always cordially welcome.

Although apparently never expressed to his friends, there is reason for supposing that he had for some time had some apprehension that his life would not be a long one, and in writing to one of his sisters on Seventh Month 7th of last year, he says, in allusion to a brief but rather alarming attack of illness: “I feel deeply thankful for the so gentle reminder of the need of ‘working while it is day.’”

He was able to be present, the following month, at the Scarborough Summer School, which was to him a time of very great social and spiritual enjoyment. He rejoiced in the occasion,

as one calculated to give courage to the student of the Bible, by showing how much richer a truth was often substituted for a conventional form of it, by a prayerful confronting of difficulties. Recognising how disturbing and almost alarming to some minds were certain new statements and interpretations, he believed that investigations, entered upon in a prayerful spirit, were not to be feared, and that, eventually, good only could proceed from them. For himself, he says by letter : "I am humiliated by the evidence that many points of Scripture truth I have *never* really *studied* at all. I have tried to elucidate, and now I see that I have been in the dark all the time."

The brightness of Joseph Drewett's later life was much increased by his marriage, in 1892, to Deborah Wilson, of Thornton in Craven, whose love and sympathy were a great gain to his happiness. In her he found one who warmly entered into his various interests, who was strength to him in hours of disappointment and discouragement, and a support and cheer to him in whatever he undertook.

His last illness was very brief. A cold of a few days duration was suddenly succeeded by eclampsia, aggravated by defective action of the

heart of some standing, of which a second attack within thirty hours proved fatal.

A favourite thought of his has been expressed in a German couplet, the original and a translation of which formed the motto of his pocket-book :—

“ Let me die before I die,
That when I die, I may not die.”

Many of those who knew him will be able to unite in the sentiment expressed by a friend : “ We shall always have fragrant memories of him, and think of him now as of one whom the Lord has looked upon with love, and wanted for higher service.”

THOMAS DREWRY,	85	16	3mo.	1898
<i>Fleetwood.</i>				
SARAH DUDLEY,	25	27	10mo.	1897
<i>Tipton, Dudley.</i> Daughter of Richard and the late Ann Dudley.				
HELEN F. R. DUGUID,	12	23	12mo.	1897
<i>Aberdeen.</i> Daughter of John and Jane Duguid.				
MARY A. DYMOND,	66	27	4mo.	1898
<i>Redland, Bristol.</i>				
GEORGE EASTWICK,	56	7	12mo.	1897
<i>Kings Lynn.</i>				

JOHN ELGAR,	78	9	2mo.	1898
<i>Canterbury.</i>				
MARY ELIOTT,	85	16	6mo.	1898
<i>Liskeard. An Elder.</i>				

In preparing this little sketch for the "Annual Monitor," it cannot be forgotten how deep an interest the beloved subject of it took in the little volume, sending it round, year by year, to many of her friends, and even last year, with the solemn conviction that her name would be included in the next.

Mary Elliott was the second daughter of John and Mary Elliott, of Liskeard, and was born there on the 3rd of Sixth Month, 1813.

The advanced age at which she finished her course is sufficient in itself to show that she belonged to a generation that has nearly passed away, the restrictions of whose early training might now be thought extreme, and yet they helped to mould characters with a capacity for philanthropic work, self-denying devotion to duty, and earnest endeavour to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, not to be surpassed amidst the greater advantages of the present day.

The watchful care of her parents in an especially happy home, and the example of her elder

sister, together with the influence of school life at Ashfield, and the intimate friendship with a devoted schoolfellow, all, it is believed, had their share in attracting her young heart heavenward ; and though we have no record of any special time of conversion, it was very evident to those who knew her, that the love of Christ had early won her for Himself, and that it was her earnest desire to follow Him.

Delicate health, for some years after leaving school, prevented her from entering into many things which would otherwise have engaged her attention. She was mostly confined to the house during several winters, and nursed as a tender plant not long for this world. Little was it then anticipated that she would be the only survivor of all the family for many years.

Never very strong, hers was the mission of a quiet life. Her very social nature, which, no doubt, had snares and difficulties for her when young, was turned to beautiful account as years advanced. The blessed gift which had been bestowed upon her of a bright and sunny disposition, made her acceptable to older and younger, and the cheery welcome of her pleasant smile and cordial speech, with an alertness of manner peculiarly her own, will not easily be forgotten.

It seemed to be her special vocation to serve her Master by her life and conversation, rather than in conspicuous acts. Full of sympathy, and ever thinking of ways in which she could help others, she endeavoured, if possible, to find the bright side of every character, and to dwell on the pleasures rather than the troubles of life. The constant flow of little kindnesses was a marked feature in her character. She remembered not only to bestow the well-timed gift, but to pay the sympathising call, especially on the lonely ones, and any who were in danger of being overlooked ; and whether with the poor and afflicted, or with those more favoured in their outward lot and circumstances, she realised that she had “a fellowship with hearts to keep and cultivate.” And in the little Cornish town where she lived and died, a wide-spread feeling of loving respect was manifested towards her by all classes.

Though a cheerful brightness will always be associated with her memory, it would be a mistake to suppose that her life was exempt from trial. Most deeply attached to her own family, she saw all those who had been as the light of her eyes taken from her, and in the case of her mother, in a moment, long before her own

call came. But in the days of sorrow, as in the days of sunshine, her trust was that of one who lived by faith in the Son of God.

She had an uncommon power for arrangement, and her advice was so constantly sought by the different members of her own family, and many others, that she was sometimes playfully styled "the oracle."

She was a diligent attender of meetings for worship as long as able, and the welfare of the little meeting at Liskeard, of which she was a valued member and Elder, ever lay near her heart ; and though she rarely took much vocal part, the prayerful earnestness of her spirit was felt to be an influence for good. In allusion to her and another beloved aged member of the Quarterly Meeting who had been recently taken home, one wrote : "I have always looked upon your aunt and my aunt as two of the especially bright lights of our western coterie of Friends ; both had a wonderful influence around them, and did much towards cementing the different elements of our little Society. Now both are gone, but the influence for good does not die with them, and will long be affectionately remembered."

Though strongly attached to the principles

of her own Society, and believing them to be in accordance with Scripture, she delighted to recognise the one bond of union between real Christians of every name, and with many of these she had sweet and cheering intercourse.

Of all departments of philanthropic work in which she took an interest the cause of Temperance held the first place, believing, as she did, that but for the curse of drink there would be little need for some of the other efforts. She was an active worker for many years, showing her sympathy in various ways. Being absent from home in 1887, she wrote to the Secretary : "Having been a teetotaler for more than fifty years, it is a disappointment to me not to be able to attend the meetings of the Temperance Jubilee, where I shall be with you in spirit, with desires that it may prove a time of much profit and deep interest. It brings much to my mind of dear ones taken to their happy home, who worked heartily in this important cause ; and though there are times when disappointment may arise that more has not been done, at others we can say, 'What hath God wrought!'" In her eightieth year she made an effort to be present at the tea she gave annually to the committee and a few others, greeting each one on arriving

with a kindly welcome ; and in a few words of reply to an appreciative vote of thanks, she spoke of her warm and unabated interest in the cause, alluded to the uncertainty of their ever thus meeting again, and urged them “ to work while it is day.” On two occasions she sent letters of sympathy, as she could not be present, to the meetings of old abstainers held in London, as one of their number.

Not many weeks before her death she received an illuminated address from the Liskeard Society on the occasion of their Diamond Jubilee, as the only surviving member of those who had joined at the commencement. She was too ill to see more than one of the deputation, but it was a time of deep and touching interest to her.

No sketch of Mary Elliott’s character would be complete without some reference to the individual loving interest she took in the large circle of her nephews and nieces of two generations. She did not forget any of their birthdays, and by her genial sympathy invited their confidence, and made their joys and sorrows her own. “ No sweeter or kinder aunt,” wrote one of these, “ could niece or nephew see awaiting them. She would welcome us in, and at once ask about

what she knew was nearest our hearts and thoughts." To all her relatives she was the same, and many who could lay no claim to outward relationship adopted the name "Aunt Mary" as quite the familiar phrase.

Her prettily embowered Terrace home was bright with sunshine, and, in keeping with her cheerful disposition, she liked to have attractive things around her, as much for the pleasure of others as her own. But her heart was not in them ; her treasure was in heaven, and she loved to draw the thoughts of all to the same blessed source from whence her own happiness was derived.

Her first serious illness was in 1891, and at that time a beautiful assurance of acceptance was given her, dispelling the fears with which she had often been troubled. She almost thought she could see the words written on the wall : "I have cast all thy sins into the depths of the sea." After recovering, she wrote to a niece : "Thou wilt be glad to know that I ventured to meeting this morning, and was strengthened to return thanks for the many mercies experienced since last we met. It did feel good to be permitted to meet with my friends after an interval of nearly eighteen weeks."

In a little memorandum, dated 1893, she wrote: "To be found ready is my earnest prayer; and though faith is often low, there are times when I can trust and not be afraid, and believe that there is a home prepared for poor, unworthy me in my heavenly Father's house. But, oh! it is all of mercy; 'Accepted in the Beloved,' are words which still give me much comfort. All my nephews and nieces are very dear to me. What more can I desire for them and for all, than that we may be favoured to meet in heaven?"

She had another severe illness from bronchitis and pleurisy in the summer of 1895. In reference to the doctor's serious view of her case, she remarked: "It seemed solemn, but I thanked God, I could say, it neither alarms nor disappoints me." She sent a message to a dear friend, with whom she had conversed on their mutual feeling of shrinking from death, a sort of dread of going alone: "I want thee to tell her that it is all taken away—quite gone. I feel I shall not go alone, my Saviour will go with me." And she seemed comforted by what a kind friend had told her: "That it would only be like going out at the open door of the room." This fear, it is believed, never troubled her again.

She remarked at another time : "I don't think it is well to dwell on the shadow of death, as some do. We ought to dwell more on the bright side." The expression of her countenance was so peaceful ; she said she was thankful to be able to leave all. Her outward affairs did not trouble her, and she had been glad of the opportunity of telling one, who called on business, it was such a favour to have no anxiety as to recovery. She could say, goodness and mercy had followed her all the days of her life, though very unworthy.

She described an experience she had one night, when it seemed as if a beautiful right-hand of help was stretched out to her, with the assurance, "I will help thee, yea I will strengthen thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." This assurance was clung to, and never forgotten. A little message, brought to her by Rufus King, was very comforting, and often afterwards referred to : "The Lord shall be thine Everlasting Light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." From this time she was unable to attend meetings, or to go much beyond the house ; but there she was still the same sweet centre of love and brightness.

Towards the end of 1896, symptoms of serious disease came on, and she was sometimes a little cast down with fears of what might be before her ; but the promises were her continued comfort and support : “ Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ; thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee,” etc. “ Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God,” etc.

On seeing the likeness of a dear nephew, who had lately passed away, she said, so tenderly : “ My dear, I shall be the first to see thee.” And then, after a little sleep, she awoke with her favourite lines :

“ In the furnace God may prove thee,
Strive to bring thee forth more bright,
But will never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight.
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting Light.”

She would so often greet her friends with the words, “ Oh, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever,” and “ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name.” And then she would dwell on the joys of heaven, with the

words: "In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." All doubts and fears seemed dispelled by the sense of peace granted: "He hath heard me in my low estate, and now He hath comforted me."

The sense of the love of God as a tender Father came home to her more preciously than ever. She felt His presence very near, with the assurance, "Fear not, my child, I will take care of thee." "I did feel very ill," she remarked on one occasion, "but the Saviour seemed to light up (the path) for me, and the assurance came sweetly over and over again, 'Accepted in the Beloved.'"

Contrary to expectation, she was able to get downstairs again almost daily during the following summer and autumn. Through that time, and long after she was confined to her room, she loved to welcome her many friends, entering, as she had ever done, into their joys and sorrows, anxious to turn every opportunity to account, and when alluding to her own sufferings, generally with some cheerful reservation, "But that is passed now," or "Better to-day, thank God."

It was rather remarkable how, with her great shrinking from being nursed by stranger

hands, she was spared that trial ; for during the eighteen months of her slow decline, loving nieces, who had distant homes of their own, were able, one after another, to come and share for weeks together the sweet privilege with her own devoted attendant ; and the one especially who had been almost like a daughter was with her many times, and through the last seven weeks to the end.

On one occasion, calling her niece and her attendant to her bedside, she said : “ I have been shedding tears of gratitude. It seemed as if my dear, loving Father said to me, ‘ My child, I will come and take thee to be with Me for ever,’ and it was accompanied by such sweet peace.”

On her niece going to her one morning, after an alarming symptom had come on in the night, she said : “ It was almost too precious to tell, but she had seemed to see her Saviour at the bedside, with a beautiful countenance and a halo round His head, and He said, ‘ I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.’ ”

The pain and weakness gradually increased, and for the last few months she was quite confined to her bed ; but those who were with her during the attacks of pain, so distressing to

witness, can never forget how she was enabled to praise God in the midst of severe suffering, and to say, "He doeth all things well." When scarcely able to speak from the bodily distress, she would comfort herself with the lines :

" In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there."

And yet she often longed to depart, and would say, "I hope you will all thank God when I am gone."

She often derived much comfort and enjoyment from a mental picture which she seemed to see on the wall opposite her bed, of a beautiful garden—more beautiful than any earthly garden she ever saw, and in it the last two of her very dear ones who had been taken home. Once she spoke of gates to the garden ; and some weeks after she said the gates were opened ; and, so often, in reference to it, she would repeat with much feeling the text : "The Lord will comfort Zion, He will comfort all her waste places ; He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like *the garden of the Lord.*"

She was so thankful for any little alleviation in her illness, and often spoke of the words, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His

east wind." On one occasion, seeing her attendant distressed at witnessing her sufferings, she comforted her with, "When the waves thereof arise Thou stillest them," but wanted her to know that it was God who made her feel this, adding, "If it was only Mary Elliott, I might be inclined to half murmur ; but instead of that He enables me to say, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

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One day she prayed that the Lord in His own good time would take her safely home, asking "that the suffering might be lessened, as much as is consistent with Thy holy will. Though the way has been rough, there have been smooth places, for which I return Thee my hearty thanks." At another time she prayed, "That I may feel Thy presence, and that the suffering may be lessened as I draw near the end, that I may be able to praise Thee on the banks of deliverance." This petition was mercifully granted. At another time, "It is a trial, as Thou knowest, but wilt Thou be with me in the very depths." And again, "Wilt Thou answer the many prayers that have been put up for me in this room, and in Thy own good time say it is enough, and take Thy poor unworthy child to be with Thee for ever."

On hearing the hymn, “Oh how He loves,” she remarked, “We may well say what love!” and then spoke of the comfort of mind she felt: “Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.”

After a very bad night, she spoke of feeling very poorly, but added, “Jesus is precious to my soul.” The next day she said, “Better and brighter—more comfortable in my soul—the assurance given, ‘I will fulfil all that I have promised thee.’

Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

“Be sure, my dear, don't talk gloomily to the children about Aunt Mary—tell them she is happy in heaven.”

To one who called when she was very weak, she said so brightly, “I am nearing my happy home, won't it be lovely?” Another day, when under the weight of illness, she said, “It is a heavy trial, but I am helped,” and again, “Think of what my Saviour suffered for me.”

One evening she said the enemy was still permitted to worry her. She feared that in some of the things which she had done, she had

thought more of the praise of men than the praise of God ; but she took comfort from the words which were repeated, " I have cast all thy sins into the depths of the sea." She asked for the cxxi. Psalm, and when it was finished, said, " Praise God ! "

When reminded of the near approach of her birthday, she said, " Wouldn't it be beautiful to spend it in heaven ? " The next day she told the doctor she was nearing home. " Yes," he replied, " almost within reach " : to which she added, " Won't it be beautiful ! " She spoke of " the gentle letting down," and afterwards alluded to the enemy having worried her yesterday, but now I could fancy my dear loving Father said to me, " I have sent him away." At another time she said, " Though I have had a good deal of pain, I have been favoured with a good portion of peace. ' My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.' " And again, " Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." " The Lord has been very good to me all my life through, and now in my old age He has not forsaken me :

“He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
Fresh ebenezers to His praise.”

On her eighty-fifth birthday, though very ill, she was able to take some pleasure from the many letters and messages of love, and flowers which were sent her ; she was full of praise that day, and uttered fervent thanksgiving for the blessings of a long *long* life, for her Heavenly Father's goodness ; "and most of all," she added, "for the life and sacrifice of Thy dear Son." She said, "I am afraid, when I am gone, some may say too much about me. I want them to know, that in any little thing I have done, it was not Mary Eliott, but the grace of God enabling me to do it."

From this time the pain lessened, and the weakness increased. One night, when told that she was "almost home," she whispered, "Tell my friends that I have a good prospect, but I am too weak to say much." Hymns still brought the dear sufferer much comfort ; and now, every night, she asked to have repeated to her the children's hymn :

"Jesus tender Shepherd hear me,
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night,"

and when her voice was so extremely weak that it was difficult to hear anything she tried to say, the words were caught, "Say the little hymn." Strangely sweet and appropriate, during those

last nights, when she was passing through the valley, seemed the words :

“ Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.”

Soon after the dawn came, on the 16th of Sixth Month, she peacefully slept away, to awake where the morning is without clouds, neither will there be any more pain.

SOPHIA ELLIS, 60 30 8mo. 1898

Blaby, near Leicester.

ELIZABETH ENOCK, 69 16 9mo. 1898

Sibford Gower. An Elder. Widow of John Enock.

ELIZABETH EYLES, 75 22 1mo. 1898

Preston. Wife of John Eyles.

JOHN FAIRBROTHER, 63 12 1mo. 1898

Rathgar, Dublin.

MAHALA FENTON, 96 15 7mo. 1898

Hunstanton.

LESLIE FERGUSON, 17mo. 1 8mo. 1898

Bessbrook. Son of John A. and Hannah Ferguson.

MARY FIRTH, 72 12 2mo. 1898

Shepley, near Highflatts. An Elder.

KATHARINE M. FITZ-GERALD,

43 4 3mo. 1898

Croydon. Wife of Alexander Fitz-Gerald.

ANNA MARIA FOX, 81 18 11mo. 1897
Penjerrick, near Falmouth. An Elder.

Anna Maria Fox was the elder daughter of Robert Were and Maria Fox. She was born at Falmouth, 21st of Second Month, 1816, and died at her home, Penjerrick, near Falmouth, 18th of Eleventh Month, 1897.

It is difficult to trace in a short memoir the history of a long life full of activity and usefulness ; but the principal object of the "Annual Monitor" is not so much to give the history of a life, as to point out what God's grace does for human life, when it is made the great motive power from childhood to the grave.

In pondering over what must have been Anna Maria Fox's early mental history, the thought strikes us that she had early resolved that "whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report"—she would not merely think of these things, but would make it her daily quest to seek after and to *do* them.

Brought up by parents whose mental culture, refinement, and Christian character made them remarkable far beyond their own family

circle, Anna Maria Fox had for her most choice and close companion her sister Caroline (whose memoirs have been so cleverly edited by Horace Pym).* Her clear perception and cultivated mind were joined to a most loving and lovable nature, united with deep religious feeling. She had also the delightful companionship of her brother Barclay, one of the most charming men of his day, who associated with Thomas Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, Dr. Calvert, William Edward Forster, Charles Kingsley, and other thinkers. From these men, probably, he received some of those views of a happier condition for the working classes, which stimulated his sisters' efforts to help their poor neighbours. Such attempts at that time seemed to many unpractical; but thanks partly to the exertions and perseverance we are recording, some of these dreams have passed into the region of visions fulfilled.

The philanthropic world was thus opened to A. M. Fox's sight. The literary and scientific world also came before her, through her father's and her brother's friendships, and through the

* "Memories of Old Friends: Caroline Fox," Horace N. Pym, 1882. Smith, Elder & Co.

many interesting acquaintances which the family circle made among the searchers after truth in Nature at the various meetings of the British Association. Indeed, their friends and visitors included many of the most distinguished men and women of their time.

Strong religious conviction seems early to have impressed upon Anna Maria Fox that the world, so full of sin and darkness, could only be solidly improved by becoming Christ's kingdom.

She and her sister, as young women, were both attractive and graceful. Anna Maria's active mind and body found no hours too long, and no exertion too heavy or too great, to carry out the object she had in view. She was evidently determined to act her part in "making the world better than she found it."

She adopted by conviction the religious principles in which she had been brought up. She was a Friend at heart; a regular and earnest attender of Friends' meetings for worship, in which sometimes her voice was heard in loving exhortation, or more frequently in humble, fervent, and very reverent prayer. She was seldom absent from meetings held in the service of the Church, in which she took a quiet part, often with a good and appropriate addition, and

sometimes with a proposed omission, happily suggested, to some draft report or minute.

Hers was no narrow Christianity. She cordially welcomed to his new sphere of the bishopric of Truro, Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury ; and a life-long friendship with him and his gifted wife was the result. The Nonconformist minister, with his personal trials and his church troubles, might often be found receiving both sympathy and help in the drawing-room at Penjerrick.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the many objects of her thought and care. She was seldom absent from the annual meeting of the Falmouth Auxiliary Bible Society. When in London in Fifth Month, she travelled from meeting to meeting with an assiduity which few had the strength or zeal to undertake.

In Falmouth, the number and variety of her objects would have alarmed anyone not possessed of her activity and indefatigable zeal. The poor, whether in their cottages or in the workhouse, she had indeed always with her. The Sailors' Home, where her knowledge of foreign tongues made her presence invaluable, was a constant call ; the British School, at work or at prize-giving ; the Coffee Tavern, to keep the poor sailors whilst

in port from the orgies of the public-house ; all these had not merely her countenance and subscription, but her never-failing personal attendance with a punctuality seldom attained, but which is essential to the accomplishment of the objects desired in a busy life.

The "Maria Camilla" Training School for poor girls must not be lost sight of. It was started with funds earned as subsistence money for bringing home shipwrecked sailors, by a Portugese ship of that name, which the owners declined to accept. For many years this useful institution had her constant care.

The poor in surrounding villages had much of her personal thought and presence, and the little Mission Room which she put up in Budock village was always very dear to her heart. In addition to the religious services therein, it has been the scene of many a brilliant lecture, given by members of her rare circle of friends and acquaintances.

A quiet little Bible class and mothers' meeting held weekly at Bareppa, a village not far from Penjerrick, was conducted by her for many years, and the members looked upon her as their unfailing friend.

The care of the blind was specially dear to her, as it had been to her sister.

The drawing-room meetings at Penjerrick, most skilfully arranged by her, were quite a feature in her life, and dealt with many catholic objects : The Universities' Mission to Africa, McAll's French Mission, the Missions to the Jews, Miss Weston's Sailors' Institutes, Women's work, Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals, and the great causes of Peace and Temperance, all found beneath the roof tree of Penjerrick welcome sympathy and aid.

One instance of her generosity must not be omitted : The Rector's Rate at Falmouth, levied, under an old Act of Charles II., up to one and fourpence in the pound, had long been a grievance to all classes. Many Friends objected to it on principle, and declined to pay it, and had their goods seized and sold. At one of these distraintments a large quantity of furniture was taken from the house of one of her younger relations, and sold by auction. Anna Maria Fox's agent attended the sale, and bought it. In the evening it reached its previous location. A note was left, asking the recipients "kindly to give it house room until she required it."

Anna Maria Fox, her sister, and father were not unfrequent travellers abroad. In 1863 they went to Spain, with the representatives of

other countries, to intercede for the release of Matamoros, who had been imprisoned on account of Protestant views. Caroline Fox records they accomplished more than their most sanguine hopes.

In 1880 Anna Maria Fox visited the Holy Land with three lady friends, and brought back treasures of local recollections to throw light on Bible passages. In 1884 she had a most interesting visit to Canada and the United States, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association at Montreal. The following year she visited many of the West Indian Islands.

In a sketch like this we may be allowed to dip a little deeper into the more sacred inner and home life of so interesting a character.

“Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.”

The sorrows of her own life no doubt made her the warm, sympathising friend that so many found her. In 1844 her dear brother Barclay was married at Darlington, amidst the congratulations of two large family circles, to Jane

Gurney, the eldest daughter of Jonathan and Hannah C. Backhouse. The charm of the bride's presence and manner, and her high tone of character were widely known ; and with such a husband as Barclay Fox, there seemed every hope of a long united life of usefulness and happiness. In 1855 Jane Gurney Fox was left a widow ; her husband had been suddenly seized with a fresh attack of the chest disease for which he had sought the milder climate of Egypt. He died in a temporary resting place in one of the old rock tombs on the borders of the desert. He was buried in a cemetery near Cairo ; a slab of Cornish granite, sent out from home, marks the spot. But how much hope, love and affection were buried in that grave no tongue can tell. Barclay Fox's widow, four sons and one daughter became the loving care of his family. In 1858 Maria Fox, A. M. Fox's dearly loved mother, passed away. In 1860 Jane G. Fox was laid to rest under the tall, dark cypresses of the cemetery at Pau, to which neighbourhood she had gone in search of health. Robert Were Fox and his two daughters made a home for the orphan boys, so much endeared to them, whilst their sister lived with her uncle Edmund Backhouse (and is now the widow of Horace

Pym, who compiled the excellent memoir of her aunt Caroline Fox). Through all these bereavements the faith of Anna Maria Fox never failed her, but it was often with a sad heart that she bravely carried on her chosen work.

In 1871 came the greatest sorrow of her life. Caroline, her companion sister, had for some time been gradually fading, and in the early spring of that year she died. For the next six years Anna Maria Fox was the devoted companion of her aged but still active father, and after his death in 1877, for twenty-one years she lived at Penjerrick, making it a haven for her kindred or friends. There was no change in her work ; she was still as bright and cheerful, still gave as warm a welcome as when she was surrounded by those so dear to her ; always ignoring herself and her own cares, and giving every visitor her sympathy in theirs, her converse, and her hospitality.

One who knew her intimately describes her thus most accurately :—“ I have often admired her wonderful tact, in always appearing to be at leisure. This was quite a talent ; for, however many irons she had in the fire, her beautiful courtesy enabled her to seem always free to listen to the most tiresome or the most insignifi-

cant people, especially if they wanted any thing of her."

Few episodes in the life of her friends could be more treasured than a visit to Penjerrick on a summer's afternoon—hearing and sharing in her conversation, illustrated by many portfolios of pictures and her own excellent sketches—looking down the lovely lawn, planted with trees sent to her father from all parts of the globe—hearing the history of each, its habits and its development—watching the sunlight strike the passing sail on the not far distant sea ; whilst the parrot, the cat, the dog, and the marmoset shared her kind word or the caress of her hand. Then came the walk to her Convalescent Home, about a quarter of a mile away ; a few minutes with the matron, a chat with each patient, a word of cheer and hope, and she would sit down quietly and either read herself or ask her visitor to read out of her well used Bible ; then her quiet "good bye," and off home, and out again before long for some evening meeting or social duty.

Age crept quietly upon her. The sight failed gradually, but there was no complaint. Her mental powers were clear to the last day of her life ; her self-effacement and loving thought for others characterised her dying bed.

She was buried in the pretty, quiet, country Friends' burial ground at Budock, near her father's and mother's resting place, and beside that sweet sister Caroline, on whose grave she had tended the roses through six and twenty years of separation.

Such is a short history of the life of Anna Maria Fox. It was beautiful in its simplicity, edifying in its humble faith, wonderful in its activity for many good objects. By the grace of God through her long life she never deviated from one straight road—the way that leads to that crown “laid up for all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.”

“So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile.”

JOSEPH JOHN FOX,	76	15	12mo.	1897
<i>Muswell Hill.</i>				
HIRAM FRANCE,	60	30	11mo.	1897
<i>Oldham.</i>				
GEORGE V. FRANKISH,	54	4	6mo.	1898
<i>Oldbury, near Dudley.</i>				

MARY D. FREESTONE, 79 20 7mo. 1898

York.

FRANCIS FRITH, 75 25 2mo. 1898

Reigate. A Minister.

Francis Frith, the only son of Francis and Alice Frith, was born at Chesterfield, Derbyshire, on the 7th of Tenth Month, 1822.

At an early age he was sent to school at Birmingham, to William and Hannah Lean ; and afterwards, according to the custom of the times, he was bound apprentice to William Hargreaves, cutler, of Sheffield. When Francis Frith was about nineteen years of age, William Hargreaves was called away to Scotland on very important business, which threatened to seriously involve him, leaving the whole care and management of the Sheffield business in the hands of his young apprentice. This duty he fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of his employer. But the strain upon him was too great, and for a long while his health and nervous system suffered seriously, and a time of deep spiritual depression followed. Then occurred the great change of his life, which he ever after looked upon as a most wonderful manifestation of his Heavenly Father's love and condescension. He never kept a journal, but in a poem he was writing only a short time

before his death, he thus describes the transition :

Much, then, in dire extremity, I mused
On sin, and judgment, and the after life.
No man, I think, laid to my charge ill deed ;
But my own heart condemned me, and I knew
That if forgiveness and good hope should come,
And a clear vision of the way of Life,
They must come straight from heaven, no lower
source !

The river that can slake a spirit thirst,
Must be the crystal from the throne of God.

Doubtless, I said, He will reveal Himself :
But will He come as Judge implacable,
Or as the Father, in Christ's parable,
Took to His arms and heart the wanderer ?
Often, deep sunk in torrent of my woe,
I passionately echoed " God is love ! "
He gives His best to man ! He gave His Son !
Save me, O Son of God, most merciful !
Heal my sick soul, as Thou wert wont to heal
The fever-stricken folk in Galilee.
In vain ! Was ever prayer in vain,
If God but gave the grace to utter it ?

Whilst yet the prison gloom clung round my
soul,
And Hope was preening her dusk wing for
flight,
A gentle sense of pardon and of peace

Stole over me, I asked not whence or how.
If, waking from a troubled night of storm,
You can mistake, with open eyes, the dawn
Of a fair cloudless day. If Lazarus
Could doubt the Voice that called him from the
tomb ;

Then, in that perfect calm of reasoned sense,
Might I have doubted my deliverance.

I know not if 'twere as a lightning flash,
Or if for hours the blissful transport grew.
It was no vision, no ecstatic trance,
O'er mastering the sense of common life ;
But rather as a noiseless breath that stirs
The summer leaves, that the glad summons came
To my astonished ear, to rise and go
Straight to the Father's arms, who welcomed me.

O day of days ! the birthday of my soul !
Oft as my pen has trembled o'er these lines,
My inmost heart has bowed in reverence
And tearful gratitude to Christ my Lord,
Who showered such joy on His poor prodigal.

After a time of complete relaxation and travel, and when his health was re-established, Francis Frith commenced business in Liverpool as a wholesale grocer. In a few years this was relinquished. His love of Nature, and his desire to see fresh scenes tempted him to the East, "to the home of the Pharaohs, the land of the Nile."

He was the first Englishman to photograph its temples and scenery. Besides the beautiful pictures he brought back, he collected a number of old Egyptian and Greek legends, which he put into verse to enliven a lecture he afterwards wrote to describe the journey up the river, and which he gave on various occasions, dressed in his Eastern costume, to schools and other assemblies.

On his marriage in 1860, Francis Frith settled in Reigate as a photographic printer and publisher.

He first spoke as a minister in the year 1867, and was recorded as such by his Monthly Meeting. He travelled in Scotland and in Cornwall and Suffolk with the Yearly Meeting's Committee, and made many journeys with his beloved friend William Pollard, in the cause of Peace, which was very dear to his heart ; often on First-day afternoons addressing large congregations, when the loan of a chapel could be obtained. He also, at various times, visited the families of Friends in different meetings, and gave lectures on the distinguishing characteristics of the Society. Many testimonies have been received to the help his ministry has afforded. One Friend writes : "As one who had for many

years the privilege of listening to Francis Frith, I should be glad to express to you my deep sense of the value his preaching has been to me, and the great personal loss that I feel in knowing that I shall not listen again on this earth to his stirring and yet loving words of counsel and encouragement. It may be well that there should be different kinds of preachers, to reach the different kinds of mind and character. He certainly reached mine ; and it seemed to me, if I may be permitted to say so, that he had the true Friendly power and spirit which appeals to the best side of a man's character, to the "witness within," and instead of treating his hearers as being, in large measure at least, in the wrong way, seeks to inspire them and lead them onwards in the upward path."

Francis Frith was from his earliest youth keenly alive to the beauties and influences of Nature ; and in his later life, when unable from failing health to engage in much active service, he found great relief and refreshment in sketching the picturesque scenery of the Riviera, where, with some members of his family, he spent his last ten winters. His health gradually became more feeble ; he suffered intensely at times from most distressing sleeplessness ; but

those who saw him in his home life can testify to the unfailing sweetness and patience with which he bore his many infirmities. A lady, an occasional visitor, wrote after his death : "Mr. Frith always struck me as being so eminently ready to go, and as having such an intensely real faith in another life. He always struck me as not only believing but acting as though this life were merely the preparation for another fuller, higher life." It was this faith, to the shield of which he says, "I cling till death," that was an anchor to his soul, sure and steadfast.

The end came suddenly and unexpectedly to the watchers. A few days of great suffering, then relief from many of the more distressing symptoms of his illness, and comparative ease and comfort, and the hope of recovery ; when, without a struggle, and with his head resting on the bosom his love had so infinitely blessed for nearly thirty-eight years, he passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

He was laid to rest in the beautiful Cannes cemetery on the 28th of Second Month, 1898, many friends of different nationalities testifying to the love and regard in which they held him.

JOSEPH S. FRY, 85 16 1mo. 1898

Purleigh, Essex.

ROBERT GARSIDE,	62	11	6mo.	1898
<i>Barrow.</i>				
ANN GILCHRIST,	82	28	5mo.	1898
<i>Grange, Co. Down.</i>				
LUCY GILL,	51	22	7mo.	1898
<i>Ackworth.</i> Wife of Joseph John Gill.				

The oft-quoted words, "In the midst of life we are in death," were sadly exemplified in the sudden removal of Lucy Gill in the prime of a happy and useful life. A severe illness in the early spring, which appeared at one time to bring her very near to the confines of eternity, warned her friends that the thread of her life was but loosely held. Yet she seemed to be making a very satisfactory recovery ; and the change from Ackworth, at the school vacation, to the rest and quiet of her old home in Surrey, was apparently bringing complete restoration to health. Her medical advisers had recommended sea air, and a trip to the Channel Islands was contemplated. Before starting, a day was to be spent at Brighton ; and those who were with her there noticed how exceptionally bright and active she appeared. The fine sea air always invigorated her, and she enjoyed a walk on the front, and finally went on the West Pier, to accompany to the steamer her brother and some of her children

who were going for a short sea trip, intending to return home with her husband. But shortly before the departure of the boat, she was suddenly stricken down by an epileptic seizure, similar to one she had had three months previously ; but this time there was to be no recovery. She was carried to the house of some kind friends in the town, who had known her from girlhood, and there she lay in a state of almost entire unconsciousness for nearly three days, till she was released by the hand of death. Pneumonia had set in, and in spite of the best medical advice and the unremitting care of skilled nurses, her breathing rapidly became more and more laboured and her strength ebbed away.

Her remains were laid to rest in the quiet little graveyard adjoining the Ifield Meeting-house, on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, where she reposes amongst her own people, her grave being next to that of her father who died only two years before her, at the ripe age of 95, nearly double the span of life allotted to his only daughter.

Lucy Gill was born at Crawley, in the autumn of 1846. Her parents were old-fashioned Friends, and she was inclined in her younger days to chafe a little at what she regarded as the

unnecessary restrictions imposed upon her ; but she was ever ready, in after life, to acknowledge the great debt of gratitude she owed them for the guarded home-training she had received. She was educated at the Friends' School at Croydon, and always retained most pleasant memories of the happy days she spent there.

After spending some years at home, assisting in the ordinary duties of housekeeping, and learning from the efficient teaching of her mother those lessons in thrifty housewifery which were to be so valuable to her in years to come, she was married in 1874 to Joseph J. Gill, who was then establishing a private boarding school at Redhill, near Reigate, within a few miles of her home.

In this new sphere her talent for household management found ample scope, and she efficiently assisted in the teaching of some of the younger boys. After ten years the school was transferred to other hands ; and the handsome present of a service of plate from her old scholars, together with the kindly words which accompanied it, bore testimony to the love and esteem with which she was regarded by those who had been entrusted to her watchful care ; and since her decease, one of them, writing from Denver City, says :

“ How well I remember her dear, cheerful way of encouraging me ; how she used to sit by my bedside, and talk with me, as very few but a mother would have done.”

After leaving Redhill, the family removed to Croydon, and here, as her husband was engaged in private teaching, she was free from the cares of school-keeping, and was able to devote herself more fully to the charge of her five children, and found some leisure for other interests, such as temperance and political work. She was, for several years, an active member of the Croydon branch of the British Women’s Temperance Association, and she soon became one of the vice-presidents of the Croydon Women’s Liberal Association, and president of the Central Ward.

These activities were seriously interrupted by a severe illness, which confined her to her room for about eighteen months ; but she continued to take an intelligent interest in the course of events in the outside world, being particularly attracted by social questions ; and for some years she was a member of the Fabian Society.

On her husband’s appointment to a post at Ackworth School, the family removed thither in the summer of 1891. She very much felt the change from the active life of Croydon, with its

many and varied interests, to the more restricted sphere at Ackworth ; but she always greatly appreciated her connection with the intellectual and social life of the school, and highly valued the friendships that were formed during her seven years' membership in Ackworth Meeting.

Though naturally of a serious turn of mind, and viewing life, perhaps, rather more from the side of its responsibilities than of its pleasures, she readily threw herself into the spirit of innocent recreation, and was always the life and soul of any party of boys or girls which met at her house. She was ever "smart" at games requiring skill, and at one time was very fond of cards, but the knowledge that one of her former pupils had gone astray from a love of gambling, decided her never again to touch a card, lest by her example she should be failing to "avoid all appearance of evil."

Lucy Cheal had never taken any prominent part in religious service, though she did at times confess to a feeling of condemnation for having omitted to say a few words in meetings for worship. But she felt that her chief service lay in the quiet example of a life devoted to her own domestic duties, whilst not neglecting to take advantage of opportunities for privately saying a "word in season."

Her great desire for her children, and for all who were dear to her, was that they might know the same assurance of acceptance through the Saviour that she herself experienced, and that their lives might be wholly devoted to His service. For this she often most earnestly pleaded at the family altar.

Her ministry in her own household, both by the ever present example of an entirely unselfish devotion to duty—often hard and distasteful, and performed amidst much physical weakness and suffering—and the consistent walk with God, evident both in word and deed, has been such as can never be effaced from the memories of those who were privileged to enjoy her daily companionship.

WILLIAM GILLIVER,	66	29	6mo.	1898
<i>Birmingham.</i>				
GEORGE E. GILLIVER,	29	9	1mo.	1898
<i>Birmingham.</i> Son of William and Mary Ann Gilliver.				
THOMAS GLAISYER,	89	4	2mo.	1898
<i>Brighton.</i>				
WALTER GOODWIN,	59	10	9mo.	1898
<i>Sheffield.</i>				

MARY FISHER GOUGH,	64	29	12mo.	1896
<i>Fairview, Dublin.</i> Daughter of Josiah R. and Deborah Gough.				
ALEXANDER O. GREEN,	23	31	5mo.	1897
<i>Melbourne, Victoria.</i> Son of Joshua Green.				
JOHN GREEN,	64	4	7mo.	1898
<i>Dewsbury.</i>				
WILLIAM E. GREEN,	67	10	1mo.	1898
<i>Bessbrook.</i> An Elder.				
ANNA B. GREGG,	85	21	3mo.	1898
<i>Lisburn.</i>				
HANNAH GRIMSHAW,	77	8	2mo.	1898
<i>Rawdon.</i> Wife of Charles T. Grimshaw.				
JOHN B. GRUBB,	74	20	10mo.	1897
<i>Clonmel.</i>				
CHARLOTTE GUY,	72	10	5mo.	1898
<i>Bradford.</i> Widow of William Guy.				
ANNE HALL,	66	18	7mo.	1898
<i>Cootehill.</i> Wife of Robert Hall.				
JOHN HARDY,	69	9	2mo.	1898
<i>Plymouth.</i>				
FRANCIS R. HARRINGTON,	34	8	2mo.	1898
<i>Nottingham.</i>				
ELIZA HARRIS,	83	9	12mo.	1897
<i>Cockermouth.</i> Widow of Joseph Harris.				
REGINALD HARRISON,	2	13	9mo.	1897
<i>Roehampton.</i> Son of Charles and Ellen H. Harrison.				

WINIFRED M. HARRISON,	6	29	3mo.	1898
<i>Kendal. Daughter of Henry and Eva Harrison.</i>				
ALICE C. HARTAS,	45	23	3mo.	1898
<i>St. Peter's Road, London.</i>				
ISABELLA HARTLEY,	61	4	2mo.	1898
<i>Bowness, Windermere. Widow of Thomas Hartley.</i>				
REBECCA HAUGHTON,	82	14	4mo.	1898
<i>Blackrock, Cork.</i>				
MARY HAYDOCK,	64	11	3mo.	1898
<i>Tandragee.</i>				
CHARLES HEAD,	78	7	3mo.	1898
<i>Ashford.</i>				
ELIZABETH A. HEATH,	70	25	4mo.	1898
<i>Birmingham. Wife of John Heath.</i>				
MATILDA HENLEY,	70	13	12mo.	1897
<i>Peckham. Wife of John Henley.</i>				
THOMAS S. HICKS,	70	20	6mo.	1898
<i>Stansted.</i>				
ELIZABETH HODGSON,	74	21	10mo.	1897
<i>Heaton Moor, Manchester. Widow of Thomas Hodgson.</i>				
RICHARD HOLDSWORTH,	80	10	3mo.	1898
<i>Sandal, near Wakefield.</i>				
SUSAN HORNE,	77	15	2mo.	1898
<i>Wandsworth.</i>				

JOHN HOSKINSON,	52	7	3mo.	1898
<i>North Ormesby.</i>				
ANNA M. HOYLAND,	68	20	2mo.	1898
<i>King's Norton.</i> Wife of William W. Hoyland.				
EDGAR M. HUTCHINSON,	15	13	7mo.	1898
<i>Haslemere.</i> Son of Alice and the late Edward Hutchinson.				
CHRISTOPHER JACKMAN,	72	24	5mo.	1898
<i>Settle.</i>				
ELIZABETH JACKSON,	70	28	2mo.	1898
<i>Calder Vale.</i> Wife of Shadrach Jackson.				
ROBERT G. JACKSON,	87	17	3mo.	1898
<i>Cotherston.</i>				
EDWARD W. I'ANSON,	40	6	5mo.	1898
<i>Fulham.</i>				
GERTRUDE M. I'ANSON,	38	1	4mo.	1898
<i>Mere, Wiltshire.</i>				
JAMES I'ANSON,	53	30	3mo.	1898
<i>Darlington.</i>				
NATHAN I'ANSON,	79	3	12mo.	1897
<i>Darlington.</i>				
SUSANNAH JENNINGS,	49	19	12mo.	1897
<i>Leeds.</i> Widow of Joshua J. Jennings.				

About twenty-five years ago, a scholar in the Friends' Adult School at Leeds lay on his death bed. He had not long been connected with the School, and he only then found out, what so

many discover at the last moment, that he had made no preparation for the great change before him. He was visited by more than one of the teachers, and it is believed that, before he passed away, he found peace and reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ.

The chief mourner at his funeral was his young widow, Susannah Jennings. To her the message of salvation came with added power at this sorrowful time, and she resolved then and there to give her heart to that Saviour who loved her and had given Himself for her. Having no child and few relations she went back to the small home of her parents, supporting herself, and in part supporting them, by working at a flax mill.

Meanwhile her thoughts turned with loving interest to the Friends who had pointed herself and her husband to Jesus, and she became a regular attender of Friends' meetings.

It was about this time that the principal gathering of the Society of Friends in Leeds was removed to Woodhouse Lane, as the old meeting-house was no longer central for the majority of the members. There were, however, a few members too old or too feeble to walk up to the new meeting-house, and for their con-

venience, as well as for the sake of continuing the schools in the district, an old singing and dancing room was engaged, where, besides the schools, a Friends' meeting was held on First-day mornings, and a mission meeting in the evenings. The morning meeting was held for some time under discouragement, as the attendance was small, and the teachers had to consider the possibility of having to close it. There was one person, however, never absent, and that was S. Jennings. She was no preacher, in the ordinary sense of the word, but her heart could not contain the sense of the love of God to her own soul, and she felt constrained to speak of it to others. A Friend who occasionally attended these meetings, still recalls the freshness and heart-stirring sincerity of her offerings, though twenty years have since passed away.

Meanwhile her home life was not an easy one. Her father was mostly ill, and unable to work, and her mother was a chronic invalid, and the support of the family depended almost entirely on their daughter. Living in one of a row of small cottages, looking out upon a blank wall, in a densely populated part of the town, her outward surroundings were not attractive. But there was light within ; Susannah's heart

overflowed with praise, which found expression in the singing of hymns. At the factory close by she was a general favourite, because she was always ready to do a good turn for every one ; and she was sometimes called "The Good Samaritan," and at others "The Singing Pilgrim," as nothing ever came amiss to her. She was deeply interested in the spiritual well-being of the young people of her acquaintance, and all those connected with the schools. She would say, "You see I work among them, and I know what terrible temptations they have ; I do so long to help them all I can." Visitors to her home in the evenings frequently found some of them sitting with her, and some were largely influenced by her example. One now resident in China wrote to her as follows :—"Sometimes when everything seems dark and discouraging here, and I have felt almost ready to give way to despair, the thought of your faith and patience, and cheerful thankfulness for small mercies, has been like an inspiration to me, shining out of the gloom. I have ever felt it was one of my greatest privileges to have known you ; and when you are gone I shall still treasure you in my heart in loving remembrance."

As years wore on Susannah's circumstances

became worse. Her father died, leaving debts amounting to over £40, and these his daughter, by great self-sacrifice, managed to pay. The mother became wholly paralysed, and was thus dependent on the frequent attentions of her daughter by day as well as by night. But the managers at the mill were very kind, allowing her to come to her work or to stay away when needful. It was at this time that she had a great trial of faith, when the mill where she worked had to be closed, as the flax trade had left the town. What should she do ? But her Heavenly Father provided for her, as the part of the mill in which she was employed was re-opened by a new company, by whom she was treated with as much kindness as by her old employers. The neighbours were kind in helping to nurse the mother, but they got weary with the frequent calls for help. Some friends provided the money to pay for a nurse during two or three nights in each week, but, even with this alleviation, Susannah's duties were very heavy. They were, however, performed with the utmost love and cheerfulness. She once said, " You know my mother is very heavy, and when we are alone, I could not possibly lift her in my own strength ; but we just pray together,

and God always gives me at the time just the strength that I need."

During the last three years of her mother's life S. Jennings was seldom able to attend meetings. This was a great privation, but still she felt that God was with her at her home. One of her greatest pleasures was when she could occasionally get to the quarterly meetings of the Christian Fellowship Union. Her utterances at these times will long be treasured in the hearts of her fellow-members. She would frequently rise with a hymn, such as—

“Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way ;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.”

After it had been sung she would stand up and tell of some of the straits into which she had been brought, and how help had always come just in proportion to her needs. At these times her face was radiant and triumphant, and it would seem as if she got a glimpse into that land where faith is changed into sight, and prayer into praise. Then she would add, “Oh ! I cannot tell you how good God has been to me !” and would sit down shedding tears of thankfulness.

At last the poor mother passed away, and then S. Jennings's friends hoped that there was a time of comparative rest and comfort in store for her. But it was ordered otherwise. At first she went back to the mill, but her attendances became shorter and shorter, until she was unable to go at all, for consumption had set in. She spent a considerable part of the year 1896 in various Convalescent Homes, but without any permanent result, and in the spring of 1897 any hope of recovery was given up by all but herself. A comfortable home was found for her in the midst of those who loved her, and she wanted for no outward comfort. During the last few weeks several of her friends took turns in being with her at night. She had a strong clinging to life, and it was not until about three weeks before the end that she was able to give up hope of recovery, and from her heart to say, "Thy will be done."

Her dying words were not many, as the power of speech seemed almost taken away. To one she said, "What a privilege it is that I have not to seek Christ on a death bed." The xxiii. and ciii. Psalms were often with her, and her favourite hymns, "Jesus lover of my soul," and "I feel like singing all the time," were

often sung to her. Her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, I give myself to Thee"; then she fell asleep to wake in Heaven.

JOHN JOHNSON, 87 3 4 mo. 1898

Clapton.

JAMES KENWAY, 86 27 4mo. 1898

Neath.

James Kenway was born at Bridport in 1811, and was the son of Peter and Deborah Kenway. After leaving Ackworth School he was first employed at the Neath Abbey Iron-works, but left this business for that of a corn and flour merchant. He was generally esteemed for his kindness of disposition, and his readiness to help anyone in trouble, as many can testify.

In 1836 he married Elizabeth Thomas. He enjoyed good health until the last three years of his life, when he suffered from a sudden attack of giddiness from which he never really recovered, but was only confined to his bed for the last three months. His sweetness of character, and patience in suffering were beautiful to witness. Never once did he allow a murmur to escape his lips, but constantly expressed deep feelings of gratitude for all his mercies. He died on the 27th of Fourth Month, at the residence of his daughter, at the age of 86.

JAMES E. KING, 25 18 10mo. 1897

Southport. Son of James and Margaret King.

ALEXANDER LAMONT, 80 18 9mo. 1898

Kilmarnock. An Elder.

FRANCES A. LAWRENCE, 79 27 3mo. 1898

Liverpool. Widow of William M. Lawrence.

ROBERT J. LECKY, 88 11 11mo. 1897

Ladbrook Road, London.

SUSANNA LESLEY, 76 11 6mo. 1898

Pakefield. Wife of Pursglove Lesley.

HENRY K. LEWIS, 75 30 1mo. 1898

Croydon. A Minister.

MARY W. LEVINGSTON, 32 8 11mo. 1897

Rathgar, Dublin. Wife of J. W. Levingston.

ARTHUR H. LIDBETTER, 21 4 12mo. 1897

Wigton. Son of Martin and Eliza Lidbetter.

SAMUEL S. LINGFORD, 66 10 1mo. 1898

Darlington.

SARAH LINLEY, 79 15 12mo. 1897

Highbury. Widow of William Linley.

WILLIAM E. LLOYD, 49 7 6mo. 1898

Barnt Green, Longbridge.

ELIZABETH LOCKWOOD, 84 3 7mo. 1898

Bristol. Widow of William Lockwood.

WILLIAM A. LOVELESS, 50 14 10mo. 1897

Diss. A Minister.

William Alger Loveless was the youngest

child of Robert and Jane Loveless, of Diss, Norfolk, where he was born in 1848. His parents were Wesleyan Methodists, his father being for many years an active member of that society and an acceptable local preacher.

Under the influence of pious parents, he was very early made sensible of the visitation of divine love. He was as a child of a very quiet, retiring disposition, and, being delicate, was kept much at home. His parents resided near the Friends' Meeting-house, and he often watched Friends going to their week-day meeting, and a great desire to attend the meeting took hold of him. When at last he did so, he was deeply impressed with the mode of worship. He obtained permission of his parents to attend the meeting, on condition that he attended the early prayer meeting at seven o'clock at the Wesleyan Chapel, the Sunday school in the morning and again in the afternoon, also the evening service and prayer meeting at its close. All this he willingly did, rather than miss the Friends' meeting, which, although so young, he thoroughly enjoyed, even when it was held entirely in silence.

He also took a lively interest in reading Friends' books, especially biographies, and he read the "Annual Monitor" with much pleasure.

William A. Loveless' school days were few, and at an early age he was placed as an errand boy in the office of a solicitor at Diss, where, with zeal and great perseverance, he rose to a responsible position, which he held for many years.

He very soon began to work in the Lord's service, devoting his spare time to visiting the poor and holding cottage meetings with them. He also held classes for girls and young men, and frequently attended a meeting held on First-day evenings in a farmhouse at Dickelburgh, then occupied by Frances Dix, where he first was led to speak as a minister.

At the age of nineteen, W. A. Loveless was received into membership by Tivetshall Monthly Meeting, after which he commenced a Sunday school at the Meeting-house.

In 1869 he had a very serious illness, when his life was despaired of ; and very touching it was to see, each morning, many anxious little faces waiting outside the gate to hear tidings of the teacher to whom they were so attached.

He was, however, favoured to recover, and as soon as health permitted, he felt called to religious service within the limits of his Monthly Meeting ; but it was a great trial of his faith that he had not the unity and sympathy of all

his fellow members in his methods of working, as he had from a child believed himself divinely called to labour in this part of the Lord's vineyard. He was, however, greatly helped by loving counsel from Josiah Brown, of Norwich, and other Friends. It was about this time that he hired a disused chapel in Diss, and with the assistance of other Christian workers, maintained a First-day afternoon meeting there, which was well attended.

In 1877, with a minute of Norwich Monthly Meeting on Ministry and Oversight, he undertook religious service within the compass of that meeting. Leaving his office on Seventh-day afternoons, he would go to Norwich, where he greatly enjoyed the society of valued Friends, and on First-day would go and hold two or three meetings in North Walsham and other places, returning to Norwich for the night, and home early next morning to business.

In 1881 he was recorded a minister by Tivetshall Monthly Meeting. A minute was granted him in 1882 for visiting some of the small meetings in his Quarterly Meeting, and holding public meetings, chiefly in closed meeting-houses.

Speaking of this time, he said : "I cannot express the joy I have felt in being engaged in

this service, and reverently ascribe all the glory to Him who, I believe, called me to engage therein."

In 1884, on the 3rd of Twelfth Month, he was married to Pleasance Jannett Brame, of Darrow Wood Farm, Diss, a happy union of thirteen years.

In 1886, on the death of his employer, his business engagement terminated, and W. A. Loveless became a worker in connection with the Friends' Home Mission Committee. From that time he devoted himself entirely to religious and philanthropic work, his labours being greatly valued in the meetings at Diss, Diss Heywood, Tivetshall, and Tasburgh. As the outcome of his efforts it became necessary to enlarge the Meeting-house premises at Diss, and a commodious and comfortable building was erected, in which a First-day School for Children, Band of Hope, Adult School for Men, and other meetings were held.

Many and varied were the services in which W. A. Loveless was engaged. He was especially qualified for visiting the sick, the dying, and the afflicted.

In 1894 he was elected a member of the Board of Guardians, standing first in the number

of votes, an office in which he took great interest, having to rise early on Second-day morning and drive a distance of eight miles to attend the Board meetings, a duty which he always fulfilled when health and circumstances permitted. He also took great interest in the inmates of the workhouse, and there his visits were greatly blessed.

A few extracts from the many letters of sympathy received by his widow from those outside the Society of Friends show the general appreciation of his work and character :

A clergyman of an adjoining parish writes : "No man will be more missed ; we may, indeed, call him a 'man greatly beloved,' for he was a most earnest visitor amongst the poor, carrying his Master's message from door to door. Almost his last words to me were : 'My work is chiefly visiting amongst the sick and poor.' He has gone from amongst us, but he has gone where many will welcome him, who are indeed stars in his crown. I shall greatly miss him ; his life was thoroughly consistent, and he has left behind a very high example."

From a lady of the Established Church : "But the comfort you are able to have in looking back at all the good to his fellow creatures Mr.

Loveless did and tried to do ! His, I am sure, will be a crown with many bright stars, by his being the means of bringing many to the love of Christ, and to the knowledge of their sins forgiven through that precious Saviour. I always found your dear husband willing to help me, for I many times have asked him to visit those who, I felt, wanted leading on by one who had had more experience than I had. The result of those things will be revealed at the last day."

Another writes : "I know that many will mourn the loss of your devoted husband ; but surely for him it is but an entrance into life more abundant. His work on earth is finished ; the fruit will be seen hereafter, when we shall rejoice together, giving glory to our King, who doeth all things well."

Early in 1897 our dear friend had an attack of influenza, from which, not being strong, he never fully recovered, and for some time he complained of pain and weakness, his condition affording anxiety to his friends. It was thought that rest and change might be beneficial ; but before this could be arranged, a fresh attack set in on the 9th of Tenth Month ; pericarditis and other dangerous symptoms followed, which in a few days proved fatal.

But although the call came somewhat suddenly, we reverently believe our dear friend was fully prepared. Very striking was his last sermon from Can. v. 16: "Yea, He is altogether lovely ; this is my beloved, and this is my friend"; and the last hymn he joined in singing was from J. S. Fry's "Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs":

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide.

Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lust'red with His love :
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh ! I am my Belovèd's,
And my Beloved is mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."

I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face ;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace ;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand :
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

The life of our dear friend was one of much self-denial. It was always with difficulty that he could be persuaded to take much-needed rest. During the first few days of his illness his mind was actively engaged in trying to arrange to help others, and it was only as his sufferings increased and became very acute that he gave it up ; and then, when praying, if it pleased the Lord to give him rest, if not, patience, he added : "And not only me, but all Thy suffering children." His prayer was answered on his own behalf ; for although his pain was great, yet not a murmur escaped him, and he was very grateful for all that was done for him. He desired to be spared for the sake of his dear wife and children ; but as it became evident that he could not recover,

he trustfully resigned them to the loving care of his Heavenly Father. As strength permitted, he talked much to his loved ones, exhorting them to put eternal things first. He spoke of his dismissal as going home, where he had long placed his affections, as expressed in the following lines, which he often repeated :

I want by my aspect serene,
My actions and words, to declare [seen,
That my treasure is placed in a country un-
That my heart's best affections are there.

Shortly before the close unconsciousness ended his sufferings, and he peacefully passed away from the service of earth to the higher service of heaven.

The funeral, which took place in the quiet little grave-yard at Diss, was a very solemn and impressive time. The esteem in which he was held was strikingly manifested by the large concourse of people of all classes who assembled to pay the last tribute of love and respect to his memory.

CHARLES C. LUCAS, 52 26 3mo. 1898

Gisborne, New Zealand.

ELIZABETH LUCAS, 96 29 1mo. 1898

Hitchin. Widow of William Lucas.

WILLIAM W. MACCORMACK,	29	21	12mo.	1897
<i>Belfast.</i>				
ELIZABETH MAGINNIS,	64	18	8mo.	1897
<i>Dublin.</i> Wife of William Maginnis.				
CECIL MASSEY,	25	27	5mo.	1898
<i>Nottingham.</i> Son of John B. and Emma Massey.				
MARIA MATTHEWS,	60	9	3mo.	1898
<i>Southend.</i> Widow of James Matthews.				
BENJAMIN J. MAW,	90	5	1mo.	1898
<i>Reading.</i>				
ELEANOR MAYO,	64	26	7mo.	1898
<i>Hitchin.</i> Wife of George Mayo.				
SUSANNA M1DGLEY,	81	27	10mo.	1897
<i>Torquay.</i>				
WILLIAM MILLIGAN,	71	26	2mo.	1898
<i>Sunderland.</i>				
MARY MILNER,	86	22	1mo.	1898
<i>Penrith.</i> An Elder. Widow of John P. Milner.				
GEORGIANA MOATES,	79	17	3mo.	1898
<i>Brigham, Cumberland.</i>				
ISABELLA MORRIS,	84	5	2mo.	1898
<i>Kingstown.</i> Widow of James Morris.				
ERNEST MULLINER,	—	11	8mo.	1897
<i>Dorking.</i>				

WILLIAM NASH, 28 2 6mo. 1898

Carke in Cartmel. Son of William R. Nash.

William Nash, though a very steady, careful young man, was one among the many who have been drawn away from their English homes by the glowing reports coming from the wonderful Klondyke gold region. Although his friends knew that it was at much risk that he went out for such a venture, he did not go without their consent, when he left Liverpool with one companion in the Third Month, 1898. Things went fairly well with them as far as Skagway in Alaska; but hardships and exposure and extreme exertion in the blizzards of the dreaded White Pass proved too much for him, and he reached Lake Bennett very poorly. His illness increasing he decided to return, and by great effort and determination again crossed the Pass and reached Skagway very ill. He was removed from the hotel where he had taken quarters, to the hospital, where he was under good medical care, and attended by well trained nurses; but the skill and care were unavailing, and general peritonitis having set in, he died on the 2nd of Sixth Month.

His medical attendant writes that his sufferings at times were very severe, but he bore all

with remarkable fortitude and patience, and never failed to express his gratitude for every kind attention. He was conscious to the last, and said he was ready to go ; and passed away peacefully.

His grave is in the cemetery of Skagway, on the bank of the river. Close by it there stands a tall pine tree, on a "blazed" part of which his doctor inscribed his name, and age, and date of death.

JOHN H. NICHOLS, 61 1 2mo. 1898

Stroud.

ROSE NICHOLSON, 76 8 4mo. 1898

Sunderland.

SARAH NICHOLSON, 59 6 6mo. 1898

Sunderland. Wife of Herbert Nicholson.

HANNAH NORTON, 73 3 8mo. 1898

Pakefield. Widow of William H. Norton.

FRANCES M. NUTTALL, 55 13 10mo. 1897

Bolton.

HANNAH PAYNE, 79 16 1mo. 1898

Bolton. An Elder. Widow of William Payne.

LUCY M. PAYNE, 79 1 11mo. 1897

Olton, Birmingham. Widow of Thomas Payne.

ELLEN A. PEAKE, 77 24 9mo. 1897

Rathmines, Dublin.

WILLIAM H. PEARSON,	60	30	3mo.	1898
<i>Bowling, Bradford.</i>				
RACHEL A. PEARSON,	55	25	12mo.	1897
<i>Bowling. Wife of William H. Pearson.</i>				
SARAH PEARSON,	72	26	2mo.	1898
<i>Wigton. A Minister.</i>				
ARTHUR PEASE,	61	27	8mo.	1898
<i>Marske-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire. A Minister.</i>				

Arthur Pease was the third son of Joseph and Emma Pease, of Southend, Darlington, and was born there on the 12th of Ninth Month, 1837. He became one of a happy family of twelve brothers and sisters, in a home that was well known, not only in the Society of Friends, but in a much wider circle.

As a child he was somewhat delicate, and received that maternal care which happily so frequently attends such children. This produced a very close mutual attraction between mother and son, and made him acutely feel her death in 1860.

He was educated at Tottenham School. Naturally of a quiet and amiable disposition, he passed through this early probation as a favourite with his fellow pupils, and with those who had the charge of his education.

Leaving school in 1853, he entered upon the

family business, and became a most useful member of the firm in which his father, uncles, and elder brother were engaged. It is not, however, with his business avocations that a memoir for the "Annual Monitor" is concerned. It is with the history of that inner life which is often hid from the world, but which is revealed in a man's life and works and words. There is no doubt that whilst at school the influence of the Holy Spirit on his young heart led him to abhor that which was evil, and to cleave to that which was good.

During his early life, the death of his younger brothers had a decided influence on his character. He was impressed as he stood by their graves, and marked the vacant places at the table and hearth, with the uncertainty of time, the certainty of death, and the need of preparation for the life to come. He evidently felt himself to be "a stranger and a pilgrim," seeking "a better country, that is a heavenly." To those who knew him intimately he always seemed to sit loose from earthly things. He enjoyed life, entering into all its interests, social, municipal, political, philanthropic and religious ; but he evidently looked with steadfast gaze on the life beyond, treating things here as temporal, and the things eternal as those that endure.

With this substratum of character—whilst in business he had a most excellent and honest judgment, and in philanthropy and politics a warm interest—he never was absorbed in details, or in those close investigations which would distract his time and thoughts from the higher aims on which he had built his life. It may be said that he was devoted to the endeavour to promote Christ's kingdom on earth. His engagements were numerous. A regular attender, during his early life, at our religious meetings, he took a useful but not a very prominent part in meetings for discipline, acting as clerk at home, and assisting at the desk in the Yearly Meeting, where his quiet, serious manner, his good presence, and well regulated voice were much appreciated.

He was acknowledged as a minister on the 12th of Eleventh Month, 1874, and his invitations to accept the grace of God which brings salvation were warm-hearted and sincere. But Arthur Pease's were no narrow views on religious observances or beliefs. By conviction he was a Friend ; and whilst those most dear to him trod other religious paths, he held to those views in which he had been early educated and which made him a Friend, without feeling that they were in any way separated in things essential and eternal.

Giving up his Darlington home, he removed for the last few years of his life to a house on the Yorkshire coast, built by his father. It was situated in the Cleveland iron-mining district. He generally attended our meetings in the morning of First-days. In the evening he frequently occupied the pulpits of various denominations in the town or mining village, and occasionally aided the Vicar of Marske in reading the lessons of the day in Holy Scripture. The testimony as to the manner in which these services were received, and as to the real good that was, through the divine blessing, given to the souls of his hearers, is wide and emphatic.

He was elected member for the Borough of Whitby in the parliament of 1880-5. He was not a frequent speaker in the House of Commons, but served most usefully and diligently on public and private Bill Committees. When he did address the House, it was generally clearly to the point on matters with which he was by experience acquainted. In 1895 he again entered parliament as member for Darlington, as a supporter of the Unionist party. His sympathies were intensely with Ireland. He deplored the condition of the peasantry, and the trials which the sad social state of the country brought upon all

classes. To one of his most intimate friends, who was speaking to him of the difference of opinion between himself and others dear to him, he said, "I would give my life for Ireland to-morrow, if the sacrifice would make a happy Ireland." With these views he felt it his duty to dissent from Mr. Gladstone's measures on Home Rule, and to support (not without apprehension that there might occasionally be some tension of his views on other subjects), the Conservative or Unionist party.

He was Mayor of Darlington in 1873-4. He was chairman of the Durham County Council, and for many years chairman of the committee having charge of the County Asylum. In these offices and many others he showed that love to mankind which is begotten by the love of God to men.

He married on the 14th of Fourth Month, 1864, Mary Lecky, the daughter of Ebenezer and Lydia Pike, of Besborough, Cork. His family consisted of three sons and four daughters. They formed, as they grew up, part of that united family circle of their name in and around Darlington, who regarded their father with much affection, and received his love in return.

But life here, however pure, however

complete, however valuable to family, neighbours, and country, has its end. Arthur Pease's family friends and neighbours could not but feel anxious about a life so dear to them, as they noticed failing health, and a waning physical force. He was quite aware of the fact ; and although able still to discharge his public and private duties, he frequently alluded to his life here as uncertain.

Death in his own family was a sore trial to him. In Tenth Month, 1896, his daughter Rosa, who had been long in delicate health, died in the faith of the humble Christian who confides in a loving Saviour's sacrifice. She was buried in the little churchyard of Marske by the Sea, where the cross over her grave could be seen from her father's windows. He bore the bereavement as a Christian ; but those who loved him noticed how much he felt it. Still he followed his usual occupations with conscientious assiduity.

Late in Seventh Month, 1898, he went to speak at a political meeting at Callington in Cornwall. Whilst there he was seized with a sudden addition to the physical weakness under which he had suffered for some months past. The physicians called in took a serious view of his case ; he knew it and said, "I desire to die as a Christian." All fear of death was taken away

from him. Faith in the blood of Christ—the sense that his sins were pardoned—was over all. For many days hope and fear influenced those about his bed. There seemed at one time such a rally, as gave reason to hope that he might at least be removed to his own house by the sea, where he so much longed to be ; but such was not permitted. On Seventh-day, the 27th of Eighth Month he passed, as we reverently trust, to the many mansions already prepared for those that love their Lord.

On Ninth Month 1st he was buried in the church-yard at Marske, beside the child he had loved so well. It was a striking scene ; the open grave, the tributes of flowers, with hundreds of neighbours and friends around the grave. The peer, the peasant, the miner, all came to show respect to one who had shared their labours, and many to bear witness to the power of his ministry. The ministers of the Society of Friends, and those of the Established Church stood side by side at his grave in all harmony, and each spoke that which was given him to say. How beautifully appropriate are the words: “Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

SOPHIA PHILLIPS,	62	9	6mo.	1897
<i>Penybont.</i>				
MARIA PIM,	57	16	12mo.	1897
<i>Cleckheaton.</i> Widow of Samuel Pim.				
ELIZABETH PONTEFRACt,	73	5	2mo.	1898
<i>Weaste, Manchester.</i> Widow of Simeon Pontefract.				
ESTHER POWELL,	71	9	12mo.	1897
<i>Croydon.</i> Wife of William Powell.				
HANNAH I. PRICE,	64	2	6mo.	1898
<i>Neath.</i> Wife of Charles S. Price.				

“ In sweet and hallowed memory of one whose life was love.” These words were truly chosen as a tribute to one whose loving influence will not cease, we believe, to be felt for many a year, in the little circle in which she moved, whose “bright example” is still before those to whom it unconsciously spoke of the “grand unselfishness” which underlies all real Christianity, and whose tender and helpful sympathy in the sorrows and difficulties, as well as in the joys and interests, of those around her, will be long and sorely missed.

It was her humble trust in her Lord and Saviour, and the love and strength which were given her from on high, which made her what she was : for whilst she was ever ready to

acknowledge, "I can of mine own self do nothing," she could at the same time reverently testify, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Hannah Isabella Price, or, as she was generally called, "Annabella" Price, the eldest daughter of the late Joshua and Hannah Richardson, of Neath, was the wife of Charles Struvé Price, of Bryn Derwen, Neath. As daughter, wife and mother, as well as in all the other relationships of life, she was characterised by a thoughtful and unselfish love and care for those around her, for whom, whatever their need or their condition, we believe it may be truly said, "She hath done what she could."

From her earliest girlhood it seems to have been her prayerful desire to
"Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy life was 'doing good,'
So that 'the wide world was her Father's temple ;
Her loving life a psalm of gratitude.'"

She was never strong, and in her youth passed through some very serious illnesses ; but her mind was active, and she was always ready to enter with interest into what went on around her, and to take her share in anything that had to be done, which called for labour and thought ;

contriving many a little bit of help or happiness for others out of things which seemed to have but little capability of contributing either.

As she grew to womanhood she became more and more fond of study, and her books were dear to her, especially poems. But though she herself often wrote verses which, as years went on, became the poetry in which the music of love and sympathy, of sorrow and joy, was heard, and which were penned with the prayer that they might comfort some saddened heart, or bring home to the happy ones a yet deeper sense of the sacredness of some heaven-sent joy, she always spoke very humbly of these writings, and it was often difficult to persuade her to read or show them to others.

In her early married life she had occasion sometimes to make use of homœopathic medicines in the household, and finding the little globules such safe and efficacious remedies for any childish ailments or feverish attacks, and especially for any affections of the eye, she soon began to dispense them to the wives and children of the colliers in the district, and to be known amongst the poor people and others as a doctor who charged nothing, and who delighted to give time, thought, and medicines to help cases

brought under her notice. So numerous did these cases at last become, that for many years she set apart every Second-day morning to attend to them, giving to each the consideration and the medicines required ; and thus she often found opportunities for giving the cheering word of tender sympathy, or the timely counsel which would help some poor wandering one to turn into the right way. And when the poor people who came for help or medicine did not come at the specified time, she never allowed herself to consider these unexpected guests as unwelcome visitors, but setting aside her own convenience, would endeavour as far as possible to help them, often saying, "I can't bear that one should go away disappointed."

In the spring of 1890, she and her husband and daughters, while travelling in New Zealand, happened to be staying in the lake district of South Otago, at a little wooden hotel near the beautiful Diamond Lake, in a lovely place called "Paradise," which lay beneath snow-capped Earnshaw, in the silver-threaded valley of the Dare, when a terrible accident happened—the little daughter of the hotel-keeper fell into a large tub of boiling water, and was fearfully scalded ; and, to make matters worse, the young

mother, hardly knowing what she did, in her distress plunged the child into cold water, so that in addition to all the suffering the poor little thing was now seized with convulsions. The nearest doctor—living forty-seven miles away—was out of reach, so A. Price did all she could for the little sufferer, sharing with the poor, distressed mother the long nights of anxious nursing, and by the use of homœopathic medicines and the “Carron oil” was, humanly speaking, instrumental in saving the cherished little life. Some weeks afterwards she received the good news that little Lily was quite well, the grateful parents writing that they owed her recovery to Mrs. Price.

While health and strength were granted, she loved to visit the homes of the Welsh colliers and their families, letting them feel that she was not merely a district visitor, who was in a different position from themselves, but a loving and sympathising friend, to whom they could tell their troubles and difficulties, sure of her help and counsel.

None could enter more tenderly and reverently into the grief of the broken-hearted or bereaved ones than she did, weeping with those that wept, yet pointing them to the hope

beyond, and gently reminding them to ask that those who were left might be enabled to live in that love of God which should one day grant them also an entrance into the Home where partings are no more.

But it was not only the "dear poor people" who turned to her as a friend. In other ranks of life also, the aged and the feeble, the anxious mothers, or the happy little children, the young people with all their lives before them, found in her a sympathising friend.

Many an oft repeated little saying of hers has been treasured up by these: "Keep the love, dears; whatever we do, let's keep the love." "Do not let us do anything uncharitable." "Life is not long enough for quarrels," she would say, if anyone brought her a complaint against others; or if in her presence anything was said to the discredit of someone, she would beg that nothing unkind might be said, and say it is wiser to talk of things rather than people.

To young people just setting out in life, she would give the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," reminding them that all things needful would be added, and that even if troubles or anxieties came they must remember that the Lord will provide; "it may

not be my way, it may not be thy way, and yet, in His own way, the Lord will provide."

If any cumbered with a load of care came to share their burden with her, she would remind them that life is only one day at a time, and if our Heavenly Father gives us strength for that one day, we may be sure He will for the next ; and we know that the promise is, "As thy days, thy strength shall be." And when, as the years went by, trials and bereavements fell to her own lot, she was able to testify that God *is* our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. And when the clouds were lifted and the brightness which lay behind them was revealed, she could adopt the language of the ciii. Psalm, always the last portion of Scripture read in the family circle every First-day evening, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Bless the Lord, oh my soul, . . . Bless His Holy Name!"

Her heart had for many years been far from strong, but it was not until Second Month, 1896, after a severe attack of influenza, that its extreme weakness became apparent ; and although, in the summer of that year, she recovered sufficiently to be able to go for quiet drives, she was unable to meet with the dear friends who in former

years she had welcomed beneath her roof, and who gathered at the Neath Quarterly Meeting.

In the following spring she was again very ill, and had to spend nearly the whole of the winter of 1897 in her room. From that time her health gradually but surely declined, and the pain which she suffered was at times almost insupportable, as well as the distressing attacks of breathlessness which occurred again and again through the long and weary nights. Yet she often said that her long illness had been one of the happiest times in her life. When able to do so, she loved to busy herself in knitting gifts for invalids or little children, and in sending messages of love or helpful little parcels to the poor and the needy, and this especially at her last Christmas time, which she said had been the happiest she had ever spent ; with her own hand addressing needed envelopes, and writing the loving greetings.

But as the months passed by, and spring once more came round, and tenderly touched with living green the brown and once leafless trees, whose gentle waving to and fro she loved to watch from her quiet room, and as it became evident to her that this was probably the last spring-time she would spend on earth, she

quietly did what she could while time and strength remained, in the way of leaving "all things in order," and every labour of love accomplished.

Through all her great sufferings, through breathless nights and weary days, it was her prayer that she "might be kept patient." And truly the angel of His presence was with her, granting her, even in the midst of suffering, His peace and comfort, and not only a resignation to His divine will, but also a bright and cheery spirit.

Very often she would ask to have read to her the xxxiv. Psalm and some of her favourite hymns, and especially "In heavenly love abiding," by A. L. Waring, and the beautiful poem "St. Paul," by F. W. H. Myers, which comforted and soothed her when all outward help seemed useless, particularly the lines,

"Yes, through all life, through sorrow and through sinning,

Christ is sufficient for He hath sufficed ;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ."

When too ill to be fully conscious, she would murmur to herself fragments of the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," over and over again repeating the lines,

“ Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.”

And again, “ It’s not from any works that *I* have done, it is just the other way. According to His mercy He saves us ; and yet, for even the *little* things He gives His loving reward.”

During the last few days of her life all her family were with her ; and the morning before her death she asked that they all might gather by her bedside, when she took of them a most beautiful and touching farewell, full of love and blessing, her face radiant with “ the light invisible of a land unknown,” and transfigured by the foretaste given her of the dawning joy of heaven.

She was scarcely able to speak much after this, and next morning she passed away. As those who loved her looked upon her countenance lighted up with peace and unspeakable joy, it seemed to them as they gazed that she, being dead, yet spoke to them, saying, silently, not only “ *I shall* be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness,” but “ *I am* satisfied.”

When, a few days later, the long funeral procession wound its way down from the quiet home of Bryn Derwen to the little graveyard of the Friends’ Meeting-house at Neath, as a

Friend, who addressed those who gathered round her grave, said truly, "There was hardly one amongst the sorrowful crowd who had not in some way been helped or cheered by her loving ministries, or had not been the better for having known her." For, although her life was one that was hid with Christ in God, it was also a "living epistle known and read of all men," bearing many a message of comfort and of love to those around her, and teaching them to wish that they might follow in the gentle footsteps of one who followed the Lord and Saviour in whose love she trusted, and unto the glory of whose name she desired to live ; for, in life and in death, her soul could truly say, in the language of the hymn she loved, and which was read beside her grave,

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
For safe is such confiding,
And nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim ;
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen ;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where the dark clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure ;
 My path to Life is free ;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

ELIZABETH PRIEST, 74 5 1mo. 1898

York.

HANNAH PRIEST, 80 10 9mo. 1897

York.

JOSEPH PRIESTMAN, 61 13 1mo. 1898

Carlisle.

SARAH J. PRIESTMAN, 30 21 4mo. 1898

Carlisle. Daughter of Joseph and Mary
 Priestman.

SARAH PRITCHARD, 69 12 10mo. 1897

Bessbrook. Widow of Thomas Pritchard.

SAMUEL PRYER, 75 19 5mo. 1898

Chipping Norton.

ANNA S. PROCTER, 54 12 11mo. 1897

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

“ Only they would that we should remember
 the poor ; which very thing I was also zealous to

do." Gal. ii. 10. These words come freshly to mind in remembrance of the subject of this little sketch, as we see her in imagination, propped with pillows, her brown hair loosely flowing over her shoulders, her dark expressive eyes lighting up, and her whole face animated as she eagerly watches the unfolding of parcels sent in for the use of her dear invalids. One would not dream that her suffering had been such, that her limbs were cramped, and that one foot could never touch the ground again.

Anna S. Procter was the daughter of the late Joseph and Elizabeth Procter, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. At an early age she showed symptoms of a delicate constitution, and though for a short time she was well enough to go to a private boarding school, her health soon gave way and she became a confirmed invalid. She suffered intensely in her eyes; and this together with a tendency to weakness of the spine, was the cause of so much nervous prostration, that for years she could not bear to see any but the members of her own family. Her mother was her constant and ever self-sacrificing companion and attendant, bestowing and receiving in return a wealth of affection that to both of them greatly mitigated the privation of the attendant circumstances.

At last there came a lull in the intensity of the pain ; and though still confined to bed, with no hope of being ever again able to walk, gradually she became strong enough to see her friends and relatives, though only for a few minutes at a time. During these years of suffering, the religious life and experience, which in after days was to prove such a boon to other "shut ins" and invalids, was gradually unfolding and developing. The sweet patience of her spirit, added to the natural gentleness of her nature and her genial sympathy, transformed her sick-room into a chamber of light, and a veritable haven of rest.

Her heart went forth in intense longing to help others in similar, but less favoured circumstances ; and as she thought of those poor ones in Newcastle, tossing on hard beds, in uneasy heat and sleeplessness, the idea suggested itself to her mind, to have a store of desirable articles, and loan them out to such as were needing assistance : water beds, easy chairs, warm blankets for the winter, pictures and Scripture texts to cheer and help, supplemented by dainty food, etc.

Beginning in a small way in the year 1881, others, like-minded with herself, quickly heard of her plan, and proffered further aid. A com-

mittee was formed of which she was the secretary and treasurer. This had already been in operation some years on a small scale, when, through a lessening of her own suffering, she was able to take a still more active part in enlarging the work of the "Invalid Loan Society," of which she had been the initiator.

The sixteenth annual report of this society, which A. S. Procter brought out in the spring of the year in which she died, has an apt quotation from Whittier on the title page,

"Hands that ope but to receive,
Empty close. They only live
Richly, who can richly give."

In gratefully thanking the many contributors to the work of the association, the report goes on to say that a long cherished desire had at length been realised, and a holiday house had been rented on a sunny hill-side in the country, for convalescents and others requiring rest and change. The number of holidays provided during the year had been larger than ever before, and extracts are given from grateful letters received from participants in the help afforded.

The blessing attendant upon her labours was widely felt ; and after her death, a few of

her friends, wishing to perpetuate her memory, resolved to work for the purchase of a small holiday home on the above lines, where the convalescent branch of the society's labour could be permanently carried on, and which should go by the name of "The Anna S. Procter Memorial House." The circular sent out was generously responded to, and a house has been bought in a beautiful location, which is now furnished, and doing its work of recruiting delighted invalids.

Anna S. Procter was exceedingly warm in her attachment to personal friends, and the tie of relationship was held very dear. A few extracts from letters may serve to illustrate her beautiful and many-sided character.

Alluding to the death of her mother, she wrote : "This is Sunday afternoon—a hard, *hard* time ! We cannot help going back in mind and heart to that other Sunday nine weeks ago. The great loss of that day seems somehow to prepare one for any change or loss that may come. Change of any kind used to look strange and almost practically impossible ; we lived so long all together so quietly. But now *anything* seems possible. I think I had too much settled down in a sort of unconscious security, and clinging to

an earthly love—*earthly*? Can anything so sweet and tender and true be called so?"

In 1883 she wrote: "We were very much interested in hearing that Uncle Isaac* is coming home so soon (after his seven years' journey). I should think he will feel a little like Rip van Winkle when he gets among his grandchildren, they will be so much altered; only he has certainly not been asleep in the meantime. It is rather curious to think I have been lying on this bed ever since he went away, except a few hours in the garden, and in other beds, for spring cleaning, etc."

In regard to the prospect of Isaac Sharp's world-wide mission in 1890, at eighty-four years of age, she observed: "Before I saw him and heard his wonderful history, I thought—almost hoped—that the meetings would not forward his designs. But after—well—I don't think any true, loyal-hearted Quaker could be bold enough or craven enough to oppose what bears the impress of a real commission from *the King*.

"J. and I have very much enjoyed reading 'All sorts and conditions of men,' by Walter Besant; the style and the thoughts were very

* Isaac Sharp was A. S. Procter's uncle by marriage.

new to us. I felt very great pity for both the writer and Angela and Harry, when I thought of the low standard of joy and pleasure that they possessed, and read of all their painstaking endeavours to make people happy, which yet fell so far short. And then, their unblushing falsehoods ! they were indeed jesuitical in this respect. But with all their faults we loved them still, and delighted in reading of their wonderful doings."

In a letter to a cousin about to take a long journey, she wrote : "I have been reading over again a most consolatory passage in 'The Diurnal' about separation : see August 22nd. [It alludes to the fact that thoughts and sympathies are perfectly independent of geography.] I like to think of the waters being in the 'hollow of God's hand !' Uncle Isaac's traveller's Psalm (cxxi.) will often be turned into a prayer for you."

Then in the first letter written after the arrival in the distant land : "It is strange I have been so long a time in beginning to write to thee. The idea of sending a letter so far has somehow a tendency to make one feel as if one must write a thoroughly complete, well-considered epistle, and wait for an opportunity when one

has plenty of time to devote to it. But this is a false instinct, and I don't mean to let it influence me any more. An impromptu letter straight out of the heart, and with every-day occurrences and passing thoughts dashed down on the paper just as they come into one's head, is of course far more calculated to take a real bit of oneself over sea and land to our dear *far away, near* friends. . . . When I look back on the time since the morning we parted from you, it seems very full and very busy. I suppose well people think of my life as one of monotonous invalidism, while to me it is full of business and variety.

"We had a garden party here lately in connection with the Invalid Loan Society. Many of the invalids had been renovated at the nice little lodging at Riding Mill. If they had all belonged to the upper ten they could not have behaved more beautifully ; but I feel sure that they do belong to a far more exalted upper ten than is generally alluded to in that phrase—they were *such nice* people. They had tea at a long table under the trees. It was a beautiful, breezy, sunshiny day. I was there in my garden wheeler—the first party I have attended for how many years I cannot tell. There was an *al fresco* concert in the evening. The piano was out in

the croquet ground, and two ladies came and sang beautiful hymns. One of the most appreciative auditors was a little baby a few months old, who was in a state of great delight, hands and eyes dancing to the music ; while another about the same age, just sat like a log. J., being unable to mix with our guests, wrote them a letter of greeting and consolation—a very neighbourly letter with very happy religion in it. L. read it aloud after tea, and the reading was followed by a murmur of applause, culminating in a blind woman's voice, saying, '*beau-ti-ful.*' I think I shall never forget that blind woman—such a patient face she had, and such a life of contented toil she seemed to lead all in the dark —only the light of trust shining round her. She has a large family, some of whom she has never seen, and she does the washing and baking for them all."

Friends travelling in the ministry were frequent visitors at the bedside of Anna S. Procter. Her remarks in regard to them not only show her appreciation of the visits, but her ready descriptive power, and a sympathetic understanding of people which was characteristic of her. Of one she wrote : "Noble indeed she is in no common degree, and in as large a degree

is she humble and gentle and loving. Her prayer was exceedingly pure and spiritual. In features and complexion it is possible she may be considered plain, but the varying expressions, always good, but so different, so animated and responsive, make it difficult to realise that such may be the case."

Of another : " Her face is indeed an eloquent sermon on the ' peace that passeth understanding.' The expression round the mouth was indescribably lovely. The day after she had been here I came upon a poem of Whittier's, which, with one little alteration exactly fits :

" ' Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue ;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.
Her smile is as a listening child's,
Who hears its mother's call ;
The lilies of Thy perfect peace
About her sweet lips fall.'

" I think such an one as this is a living proclamation, signed and sealed by the King Himself, that ' God is love.' "

In another letter she wrote : " A little bookmark before me has on it my best beloved Revised Version alteration : ' Blessed be the Lord,

who daily beareth our burden.' ' *Our*,' that must mean *all* who will surrender themselves and all their burdens to Him. It's *fine!*!"

For the last few months before the end came our dear sufferer endured untold agonies. When free from pain she liked to be read to. The day before she "flew away and refused to come back again," she had the day's portion read to her from her dearly loved copy of "Daily Light." This was the last scripture she heard : "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." . . . "O send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me ; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God ; unto God my exceeding joy ; yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O God, my God." A breath of heavenly consolation swept over with what was read, and she said, "That is *beautiful*," in a tone of the deepest content.

And now her friends love to think of her—all suffering past—realising the triumphant truth : "In Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

CHARLOTTE RAMSDEN, 58 4 10mo. 1897

Cleckheaton. Wife of Job Ramsden.

WILLIAM RAVEN,	52	18	6mo.	1898
<i>Feering, near Kelvedon.</i>				
MARY RHEAM,	65	22	7mo.	1898
<i>Claughton, Birkenhead. Wife of Henry C. Rheam.</i>				
MARY ANNE ROBERTS,	84	21	12mo.	1897
<i>Mountrath.</i>				
WILLIAM R. ROBERTS,	67	31	3mo.	1898
<i>Dublin.</i>				
ANN ROBINSON,	77	23	1mo.	1898
<i>Didsbury, Manchester. Widow of Edmund Robinson.</i>				
JOHN ROBINSON,	85	16	11mo.	1897
<i>Chelmsford.</i>				
ELIZA ROSLING,	60	14	7mo.	1898
<i>Hatfield Peverell, near Chelmsford. Wife of Alfred Rosling.</i>				
RICHARD B. RUTTER,	72	18	9mo.	1898
<i>Redland, Bristol. A Minister.</i>				

Richard Ball Rutter was the son of Samuel and Elizabeth Rutter, and was born in Bristol in 1826. He was a younger member of a large family of sons and daughters, only one of whom survives him. His mother was a sister of the late William Ball, of Rydal. His grandfather, Thomas Rutter, was an esteemed minister in Bristol in the last century.

There is scarcely any record of his early years. When he was quite young a love for poetry manifested itself, and being encouraged by his mother to learn pieces by heart, and having an excellent memory, his mind was stored with Scripture and hymns, and this was invaluable to him in later life. On the death of his father, when R. B. Rutter was nineteen years of age, the family removed to Shotley Bridge, Durham, and he found employment in a bank at Newcastle.

In 1854, with some other members of the family, he emigrated to Australia, and was furnished with a certificate of membership signed by upwards of thirty Friends of Newcastle Monthly Meeting, the list being headed by the venerable George Richardson.

The rough life of the colony was little suited to his taste, and he returned to Newcastle at the end of two years. Here he made his home for upwards of thirty years, and was again engaged in a bank in the town.

In 1863 he married Anna Maria Clapham, of Newcastle. It seems probable that between the time of his return to England and his marriage he experienced a marked change in his religious life, but he does not appear to have left any

record of this. In 1860 he believed it right to be baptised and to partake of the "Supper," and deemed it his duty to send in his resignation of membership with Friends. This was not, however, accepted, and in after years his opinion on these points was entirely changed.

In later years R. B. Rutter was in the practice of writing a short summary of the principal events of the year, both public and private. From these records may be traced some of his religious experiences during the last thirty years of his life. He began to speak in meetings for worship at Newcastle in 1870, and was recorded a minister in the following year. At the close of that year is the following record : "In January, 1870, I repeated the First Psalm in meeting, and have continued to repeat passages of Scripture, sometimes with and sometimes without remarks. I hope to be allowed to continue this little work, though I do not always find it an easy or a pleasing duty. I began it principally for the sake of two near and dear persons. 1871—I have continued to quote Scripture and make remarks in our meetings for worship during this year. What I now want is matter, experience, something to tell that is worth hearing, and that may do real good. This

is to be obtained by deep inward work and fervent prayer." In 1874 a relative wrote to him : "I cannot tell thee the help thy ministry has been to me for months past."

Some years later he writes : " My idea of the relative importance of ministerial qualifications is : First, personal piety ; second, a call from God ; third, deep scriptural knowledge ; fourth, personal experience ; fifth, sympathy ; sixth, hunger for souls ; seventh, good sense and tact ; eighth, clear speech and free speech ; ninth, human learning." In the early years of the exercise of his gift he frequently alludes to the training of his voice.

R. B. Rutter was a man of impulsive temperament and much versatility, and the character of his ministry was no doubt influenced by his natural endowments. As was remarked in a notice in "The Friend," his style was highly original, sometimes almost dramatic, with illustrations culled from his own experience or reading. He often concluded with repeating a hymn in a very impressive manner. His reading was of a varied character, and in later years he studied Greek, in order to ascertain the true sense of the New Testament in the original tongue. Some of his friends might not always agree

with all he said, but he may be truly described as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

A friend of R. B. Rutter's has furnished the following communication: "It is, I suppose, something like twenty-six years ago that our meeting at Newcastle was—I will not say agitated, but—gently swayed to and fro by a proposal to read the Bible in our meetings for worship. Most of the younger generation were in favour of the suggestion, but one or two of our oldest and most esteemed Friends deprecated the change. I need not say that this was not from any want of love for the Bible on their part, but only because they feared lest pre-arrangement and the institution of a Calendar of Lessons might interfere with the freedom and spirituality of our worship. After two or three meetings and conferences the matter was settled by the withdrawal of the proposal, as the young and middle-aged Friends felt that it would be selfish to press for a change which would evidently be so painful to their older brethren. We were richly rewarded for this little act of Christian courtesy. I think it was on the next Sunday after the first debate that Richard B. Rutter rose from his seat at the further end of the meeting, and repeated slowly and with deep

feeling the magnificent sixty-third chapter of Isaiah ('Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah?'). The effect was most impressive, far more so than any ordinary reading of the chapter. For Richard Rutter was, as we all now know, essentially a poet ; and more than most poets, he had studied not merely the composition but the right utterance of poetry. In his case Mrs. Browning's dictum was not true :

' Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to
their worth,
For the echo in you breaks upon the words which
you are speaking,
And the chariot wheels jar in the gate through
which you drive them forth ';

for he had a wonderful power of rendering both his own and other men's poetry with the right emphasis and intonation. Thus it was that the glorious poetry of Isaiah seemed to acquire fresh beauty and deeper significance when recited to us on that Sunday morning by our new minister. For some months, I think, R. B. Rutter mostly confined himself to the mere repetition of passages, sometimes pretty long passages, of Scripture. He had a splendid memory, strengthened by long practice in learning by heart the works of

our English poets (I believe he could repeat many scenes, if not whole plays of Shakespeare); and, as he used often to say at this time, too modestly, 'I have but the one talent of memory, but I will devote that to the service of the Church.' How the one talent made many more like it: how the simple repetition of inspired Scriptures gradually grew into a most rich and varied 'gift in the ministry' I must leave other pens to describe. My mind goes back with gratitude, but also with sadness in the thought that I shall hear his voice no more, to that first delightful dawn of his ever helpful ministry."

About the year 1880, finding himself in a position to retire from business, and his health and that of his wife requiring a milder climate, they decided to take up their residence in his native city, and took a house at Elgin Park, Redland. Here R. B. Rutter found scope for the exercise of the various gifts with which he was entrusted. He divided his attendance between the old meeting at "The Friars" and the newly established one at Redland, which he regularly attended on First-day evenings; and it is rather a significant fact, that at the time the attendance at the latter meeting was much larger in the evening than in the morning. He was also a faithful pastor

of the flock, and his visits to the sick, the infirm, and those in sorrow were much appreciated. He and his wife were in the habit of inviting young men to their house on First-days to tea ; and since his death his widow has received several testimonies to the value of this intercourse to those who were privileged to share in it.

He was, as is well known, a voluminous writer, principally of poetical pieces, published in “The Friend,” “The British Friend,” and the “Friends’ Quarterly Examiner.” His “Spiritual Diary” is no doubt in the possession of many Friends.

For many years up to about the year 1882 R. B. Rutter had been a regular attender of the Yearly Meeting ; but the action of the Society in reference to the Home Mission Committee met with his strong disapproval, as he considered it a departure from its principles in respect of payment of ministers. He felt so strongly on this subject that he thought right for a considerable period to vacate his seat in the ministers’ gallery. This however did not interfere with his ministry to any great extent ; but he never resumed his attendance at the Yearly Meeting.

In 1883 he was much engaged in executorship affairs. In reference to this, he writes,

"I think I have been benefited spiritually by having been obliged to return to "business" as executor on a large scale ; there was a real danger of sinking into the mere religionist."

In 1880 or 1881 he was one of a committee of the Yearly Meeting appointed to visit the meetings of Friends in Ireland, and he crossed the Channel several times on this service.

Sidcot and its neighbourhood was a favourite resort, and his visits there were much appreciated by the Friends who were engaged in the school, and also by the children.

In 1886, he issued an epistle addressed "to the younger members of Bristol and Frenchay Monthly Meeting." It is too long to be introduced here in extenso, but the opening sentences may be quoted :—" We may well thank the Giver of every good that He has in great mercy visited the hearts of all ; and that so many of you earnestly desire to respond to His call for whole-hearted dedication to Him of both soul and body. Your older friends often feel that they can help you but little. He, however, can ' supply all your need,' and you know the privilege of access to the Father Himself through Jesus Christ the living way."

This letter was reprinted and circulated by

some Friends of Birmingham Meeting who had formerly been members of Bristol and Somerset Quarterly Meeting.

R. B. Rutter appears to have taken a very humble view of his religious attainments, as will be seen from the subjoined memoranda :—

In 1889 he writes : “I want to write the truth, but the task is too difficult for me. I do not know where I am ; but I think I know better than ever that God is love.

In 1893 : “What I have most to regret is a general dulness of soul ; a want, and I fear an increasing one, of spirituality. ‘My soul cleaveth to the dust ; quicken Thou me.’”

In 1894 : Gratitude to God has not been absent from my heart. If true religion consisted in deep feelings, I should have reason to despond, for I have but few ; but if it consists in an inward life and spirit, I think I may be glad. ‘Keep Thou my feet.’—Amen.”

In 1896 : “Though there may not have been any falling away in Christian living, yet the general tone of life has been unspiritual and material. . . . Strange mixture, a better life but less consciousness of God’s presence.”

In some of the records of earlier years he frequently alludes to besetting sins being over-

come. He never speaks "as though he has already attained"; but a growth in grace was undoubtedly experienced as years went on.

The following verses, dated 1862, are interesting as showing his state of feeling at the time :

PSALM III.

O Lord how many cruel foes,
My conscience marshalls round me !
I see Thy book of doom unclosed,
My long-lost sins have found me.

And joy, alas ! has flown away
To hide in clouds above me ;
And fell despair has dared to say
That Thou hast ceased to love me.

While thus the tempter stood revealed,
And poised his darts before me,
The Lord Himself became my shield,
And spread His mantle o'er me.

My head He lifted while I wept ;
I told Him all that pained me ;
And soon I laid me down and slept,
And woke, for He sustained me.

Then let my faithless fear be gone,
For He who died to save me,
Will guide me as I journey on,
To gain the home He gave me.

'Tis built upon the living rock,
Whose steadfastness has shown me
That when the Shepherd folds His flock,
He will not fail to own me.

R. B. Rutter was never a strong man, and was subject to repeated attacks of illness ; but until about eighteen months before his death, he was able to employ himself as usual. During these months he was mostly confined to the house, but came downstairs for some part of the day. He much enjoyed the visits of his friends, and was able to enter into cheerful conversation ; and it was a privilege to sit with him on these occasions. At the close of the visit he would generally propose a time of prayer. The nature of his illness during the last few weeks was such as to preclude much expression ; but he was preserved in patience and in unfailing trust in his Redeemer to the end.

“ Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ;

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
It is enough, earth’s struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus give us heaven’s perfect peace.”

LETITIA H. SAUNDERS, 39 17 12mo. 1897

Birmingham. Wife of Nathan Saunders.

EDWARD SAVAGE, 38 24 11mo. 1897

South Wigston, Leicestershire.

ELIZA L. SAYER,	52	26	10mo.	1897
<i>Norwich. Wife of John Sayer.</i>				
ANDREW SCOTT,	80	5	5mo.	1898
<i>Esher.</i>				
BENJAMIN SCOTT,	62	13	8mo.	1898
<i>Stockport.</i>				
LUCY SEWELL,	75	26	12mo.	1897
<i>Leicester. Wife of Joseph S. Sewell.</i>				
JANE SHAFTO,	52	28	9mo.	1898
<i>Sunderland.</i>				
ALICE SHAW,	23	7	9mo.	1898
<i>Belfast. Daughter of the late John Shaw.</i>				
ESTHER SHEPHERD,	42	17	10mo.	1897
<i>Brierfield. Wife of Lee R. Shepherd.</i>				
WILLIAM SHRIVE,	69	18	12mo.	1897
<i>Wellingborough. A Minister.</i>				
ELIZABETH A. SMITH,	74	31	12mo.	1897
<i>Great Bardfield. Widow of Henry Smith.</i>				
MARY SMITH,	78	13	3mo.	1898
<i>Lothersdale. Widow of James Smith.</i>				
SARAH SMITH,	78	4	1mo.	1898
<i>Bessbrook.</i>				
MARY SOUTHEY,	72	23	9mo.	1898
<i>Torquay. Widow of George Southey.</i>				
EDITH SPANTON,	2	15	2mo.	1898
<i>Great Yarmouth. Daughter of Walter and Sarah Spanton.</i>				

JAMES B. SPARKE,	—	16	5mo.	1898
<i>Hunslet.</i>				
ALFRED H. SPENCE,	78	10	4mo.	1898
<i>Clifton, York.</i>				
DORCAS SQUIRE,	75	26	11mo.	1897
<i>Great Berkhamstead.</i>				
EDWARD L. SQUIRE,	50	11	3mo.	1898
<i>Coalbrookdale.</i>				
ALFRED STEPHENS,	73	27	11mo.	1897
<i>Leeds.</i>				
EDWARD STURGE,	71	7	3mo.	1898
<i>Charlbury.</i>				
EDWARD B. STURGE,	62	2	3mo.	1898
<i>Croydon.</i>				
CATHERINE TANGYE,	72	6	1mo.	1898
<i>Illogan, Redruth.</i>	Wife of James Tangye.			
JAMES TANNER,	62	13	12mo.	1897
<i>Tauranga, Auckland, New Zealand.</i>				
ANN TAYLOR,	88	29	12mo.	1897
<i>Spring Grove, Middlesex.</i>				
JACOB TAYLOR,	72	19	11mo.	1897
<i>Cleveleys, Lancashire.</i>				
ELIZA THOMPSON,	66	29	4mo.	1898
<i>Rawdon.</i>				
JOHN THOMPSON,	91	18	7mo.	1898
<i>Kilbarchan, near Paisley.</i>				
A man of affairs, at one time a considerable				

employer of labour and an experienced civic ruler, John Thompson was, in all his relations with others, distinguished by a genial Christian courtesy, and, although distinctly fearless and outspoken on all matters of principle, he was of so broad a liberality that every honest opinion was secure of his respectful and considerate treatment. A marked feature of his character, down to the latest years of a long life, was a perennial youthfulness—an inspiring cheerfulness—which commended his Christian profession and his Friends' principles to those around him.

At the age of eighty-three, when a banquet was given in his honour by the citizens of Govan, the Chairman, ex-Provost Ferguson, with possibly as much truth as humour, said : "Our guest was born two years before Gladstone ; both are now between eighty and ninety years of age, but I don't think two sprightlier young fellows exist." His cheerfulness was associated with a kindly sympathy which won him friends of all ages, whilst his generosity towards those with whom he could not agree left him without an enemy. Vigorous political opponents he had at all times, but he awoke in them no personal hostility. None who came into close contact with him

failed to feel the effect of a subtle personal charm which disarmed irritation and acrimony. Since J. Thompson's death, the Member for East Renfrewshire, Charles Bine Renshaw, has said of him : " He was a man of such exceptional points that he drew all men to him."

Born at Hawes, in Wensleydale, in 1807, inheriting a large measure of character from his father, John Thompson, himself an exceptionally independent and courageous spirit, he was thrown into business after a slender Ackworth education, and had a more or less uphill commercial life until more than fifty years of age, when he became a member of the prosperous firm of Gray, Dunn, and Co., biscuit manufacturers, of Glasgow.

But mere business never prevented his devoting a large amount of his force in early life to his own culture, in later years to the common welfare. Long before the reformed Parliament, he was an ardent Liberal politician, and the cause of the slave had a devoted friend in him ; and when the struggle against the Corn Laws came, he threw himself into it with all the force of a burning conviction.

Whilst closely occupied in the affairs of a large business, he made time to do good service

to the Corporation of Govan, and eventually became its Provost. How he bore himself in office may be judged from the opinion of the Burgh Surveyor, who says : " When I recall his genial presence and his generous kindness, shown in all his utterances and actions, and the fearless independence of mind with which he formed his judgments on all matters, I feel that it is but seldom in a life-time that we find so many admirable qualities of character united in one personality."

Nor was this estimate the issue of natural qualities only. John Thompson brought to his civic duties an unflinching yet benign Christian spirit, which placed above all motives of mere expediency a watchful attitude towards the observance of dignity and uprightness in the management of the people's affairs ; and this was gratefully recognised by men of widely divergent minds, and in a variety of ways. John Macleod, minister of the Presbyterian Church of Govan, writes of him : " I have not known anyone of whom I had a higher or more reverential regard." He refers to " the singularly beautiful and sweet example of his life," and to " the reverence and affection entertained for him by all who knew him." Nor do these noble terms

convey any sense of exaggeration to his personal and most intimate friends.

He was especially happy in winning the confidence of young men, and in inspiring them with a measure of his own hopefulness, sympathising with them as an elder brother without a suspicion of condescension. Nor was his interest in them evanescent, but once won, was always at their service.

Although not a preacher of the Gospel in the meeting-house, he was a living example of practical Christianity, known and read of all men.

In 1890 he retired from business and settled at Kilbarchan, retaining to the last the brightness of his spirit and much of his intellectual vigour. When he passed away at the age of ninety-one, and his remains were laid in the little cemetery near his home, twenty-five of his old hands came down from Glasgow to represent the firm from which John Thompson had severed his connection seven years before, and to lay a wreath upon his coffin, bearing the inscription, "In loving memory of a dear employer and friend ; from his old employees."

JOHN E. THOMPSON, 56 25 9mo. 1897

Urmston, Manchester.

MARY H. THORP,	48	8	8mo.	1889
<i>Leicester. Widow of Frederick W. Thorp.</i>				
HENRY TIDBURY,	65	15	1mo.	1898
<i>Thornbury, near Epping.</i>				
ELIZABETH TUCKETT,	65	16	2mo.	1898
<i>Shirehampton.</i>				
WILLIAM J. TURTLE,	80	28	9mo.	1898
<i>Tandragee.</i>				
JOHN WADDINGTON,	75	26	2mo.	1898
<i>Keighley.</i>				
CHARLES F. WAKEFIELD,	92	28	4mo.	1898
<i>Portadown. A Minister.</i>				

The life of our dear friend Charles F. Wakefield almost spanned the nineteenth century. It was his privilege to have been nurtured in a Christian home, at a time when Ireland was recovering from the shock of a cruel rebellion, and when the Society of Friends was emerging from the effects of a sad Unitarian heresy which swept away most of those who held prominent places in it.

The Rebellion of 1798 was a severe trial of the peace principles so precious to the Society of Friends, and to which they adhered with remarkable fidelity. It was a cause of great thankfulness that when, in the South of Ireland,

Friends and their families were surrounded by robbery, destruction, and slaughter, only one young man lost his life. He had fled to a garrison town, and taken up arms against the rebels. While the strife continued Friends moved about unarmed, and were regarded as the friends both of the rebel and the loyalist.

When the wave of heresy had spent itself, it seemed as though the Society was almost desolated. Meetings for discipline had been discontinued, and disorder reigned throughout, until a few young men who had stood for the faith once delivered to the saints, became the means of restoring the discipline. Among the number was T. C. Wakefield, the father of the subject of this little memoir, who now filled the lapsed office of clerk in his own Monthly Meeting.

These trials, as we can well understand, imparted to those who remained faithful a robustness of Christian purpose which bore fruit in after life in the character of the dear friend we have under review.

His father had married Jane S. Goff, of Co. Wexford. She proved a true helpmeet in times of joy and sorrow. A loving testimony to her worth as a wife may be inserted here. Her

husband writes : "A better wife no man ever had. Her heart overflowed with love to me and all around. Her mind was stayed upon her God. Our children were tenderly brought up, and she was enshrined in their memory as a wise and loving parent."

In this christian home C. F. Wakefield grew to sturdy, thoughtless manhood—one among many instances of the fact that grace is not a matter of heredity, and that "no man can redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him."

His first childlike recollection of prayer was "Our Father," learned in his mother's arms. On his return from school, his father, who bore firm rule in his own household, placed the lad in the linen business with himself. In all weathers his son attended the linen markets, making little of riding twenty or thirty miles in the early morning, to be in time for their opening. This mode of transit, so common at that time, probably fostered a love of riding, and intercourse with those who were outside the circle of his Quakerly associations. Gradually he developed a passion for field sports, and for mixing with gay company, where his attractive appearance and manners made him a welcome guest.

In speaking of this period of his life he used to say : "A gentle and familiar step could be heard in the stillness of my chamber, and my mother would be at my bed-side, a feeling having taken possession of her mind that I needed a word in private, or that I might be intending to join the hunt on the morrow." He would then describe how touching her counsels proved in his experience, and how his proud spirit bowed under the power of maternal love. When, in his public addresses, he has often pleaded with the mothers respecting their privilege and power in leading their children early to God, a deep feeling has spread over the audience as he spoke of his own early experience.

During this time of thoughtless gaiety, although he was preserved from open vice, his parents were under much concern for his soul's welfare. We need hardly say his mother wrestled in prayer for her beloved son. And we shall now relate how prayer was answered so as to rejoice the hearts of those who loved him.

While quite a young man C. F. Wakefield found much interest in travelling as guide with J. J. Gurney and his party in the north and west of Ireland. The impressions then made, we cannot but believe, were never entirely dispelled.

When about twenty-six years of age he reached the crisis of his life, which we prefer to describe in his own words, as told to a relative about two years before his death. On asking for particulars, he replied, "Yes, I well remember the day. It was in Moyallon Meeting-house. Dear Stephen Grellet in his ministry laid my state open and bare. He then told me if I did not yield to the call of my Heavenly Father the consequences would be very sad. He proceeded to say, 'I see as it were the sword drawn, and it is about to fall if there is any hesitation on the part of an individual present to come out on the Lord's side.' I sat bowed to the ground. I knew his words had reference to my case. Blackness of darkness seemed before me, and I believed it would be my last call. There and then I yielded entirely to the power that spake to me through my dear friend, and made no reserve. I had two horses in the stables ready for the season's hunting. I sold them, and carried my gun down to the river, broke it in two, and threw it in. I had made an appointment to meet some of my gay companions, and when they asked me why I did not keep my engagement, I told them frankly that I had for ever done with the world and its pleasures, and was now serving a better Master.

“But no tongue can tell the agony I had still to pass through as my past life came in review before me, and the requirements of my dear Heavenly Father were made plain.

“My precious mother used to come to my bedside, and sit with me far into the night, entering into my state with prayer and sympathy. She had long watched over my soul in those early days of carelessness and gaiety, and she now rejoiced on my account. Dear Stephen Grellet took me with him to the South of Ireland, and greatly confirmed me by his preaching and his love.

In that journey a friend of mine and myself received a distinct call to the ministry of the Gospel. Through great mercy I yielded ; but in the other case it was different, and loss and sorrow were the result. I cannot sufficiently praise and magnify the kindness and love of my Heavenly Father. I know I should not be here to-day had I not entered His service ; and I can at least tell others that He has been a good and gracious Master.” This occurred during Stephen Grellet’s last visit to this country in 1833.

Having thus in his early youth yielded spirit, soul and body in obedience to the heavenly call

he never swerved in his purpose of dedication, and was, after a time, recorded a minister of the Gospel in the Society of Friends. His ministry was often doctrinal, and very clear on the foundation truths of our hope in the love and mercy of God through His blessed Son. He was frequently led to speak of the baptism of Christ in distinction to the water baptism which John the forerunner had proclaimed ; and very often it seemed his duty to point to the privilege which the believer enjoys in the spiritual communion of the bread and water of life.

The text was a very familiar one to his hearers : “ Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with Me.” We thus become spiritual communicants at the Lord’s table. How often, too, our dear friend endeavoured to impress upon his hearers the truth of the universality of divine grace, and the all-importance of that offering made on Calvary for the sins of the whole world.

In later years his spirit was more and more an exemplification of the apostle John’s words : “ he that loveth God loveth his brother also.” He lived in the atmosphere of this divine love,

in which he embraced mankind, narrowed by neither creed nor country.

For years he was a conspicuous figure in his neighbourhood, characteristic of a former generation of Quakerism, and much honoured and respected. Appeals of all kinds were carried to his door, and were met in the same spirit, and he would invite the bearer of such appeals to come in, and after some friendly talk he would sit in silence for a time, to seek guidance. It must be added he generally felt free to respond with help.

In 1839 he married Anne Moore, of Clonmel, a recorded minister. They did not seem called to labour much outside their native land, but continued united in spirit and in service, working for the good cause in Ireland.

To his tenants C. F. Wakefield was a kind and thoughtful landlord, living on happy, friendly terms with them ; and not unfrequently did he return the rent to the needy, when wintry weather reminded him that fire and clothing would be necessary for the family.

His wife was removed by death in 1883 ; and although the stroke was deeply felt, he continued bright and cheerful in spirit, entertaining a strong persuasion that they were still united in the service of the same blessed Master.

His ninety-first birthday found him, in inclement wintry weather, travelling from Clonmel to his home at Portadown, some 150 miles. He did not appear the worse for the long day's journey. It was his last journey, and he died in harness, as the minute which he had received for service in the South of Ireland was never returned.

Once or twice afterwards he was out at Moyallon meeting, which he had attended regularly for eighty-seven years. His last address in the ministry was in Lurgan, where the word was with divine power, felt and alluded to by several present.

Three days afterwards he was attacked by influenza, followed by bronchitis. The acute stage of the illness passed off, but it left him so prostrate that although he lingered for several weeks, there seemed no power to rally. He was often engaged in prayer and thanksgiving, and those around him could say that the promise was fulfilled, "At evening time there shall be light." There was no pain nor any disease apparent, the suffering being only from extreme weakness. When those around expressed a hope that he would be raised up for a little while, he would often point upward and say, "He knows best; His will be done."

He rarely, if ever, mentioned death. The great enemy seemed, as in George Fox's case, scarcely worth a mention. Many times he exclaimed, "The Lord's mercies to me have been wonderful—wonderful to a poor unworthy servant. My only hope is in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." Gratitude for the kind attention of those around him was tenderly expressed.

On the last morning his mind seemed wandering a little, and when a dear relative entered the room he exclaimed, as he drew her down for a fond embrace, "My dear child, thou hast come, and my dear mother has come also": so strong in death was the memory of that beloved parent; and who can tell how near she was. "He giveth His angels charge"; They are sent forth to minister unto the heirs of salvation.

For many hours before his death he lay perfectly still; and just before the end, with a loud voice, he twice exclaimed, "I am going home! I am going home!"

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

MARY WALKER, 88 26 2mo. 1898

Ullock, near Cockermouth. Widow of Thomas Walker.

SARAH WALLIS,	73	24	12mo.	1897
<i>Basingstoke.</i> Widow of Richard Wallis.				
ELIZABETH WALPOLE,	64	18	11mo.	1896
<i>Ashbrook, Queen's Co.</i> Widow of Joseph Walpole.				
JOSEPH WARING,	63	26	1mo.	1898
<i>Donnybrook.</i> A Minister.				
ALFRED WATERFALL,	66	5	11mo.	1897
<i>Liverpool.</i>				
ARNOLD S. WATSON,	18	27	11mo.	1897
<i>Gateshead.</i> Son of Robert S. and Elizabeth Watson.				
LESLEY WATSON,	15	2	3mo.	1898
<i>Scarborough.</i> Son of Frances and the late William J. Watson.				
MARY WEBB,	88	6	4mo.	1898
<i>Dublin.</i> Widow of Thomas Webb.				
WILHELMINA WEBB,	66	4	1mo.	1898
<i>Killiney, Dublin.</i> Wife of John Webb.				
MARY WEIR,	76	27	4mo.	1898
<i>Paisley.</i> Wife of James W. Weir.				
ROBERT W. WELLS,	54	13	1mo.	1898
<i>Kettering.</i>				
JESSIE M. WELLSTOOD,	75	9	4mo.	1898
<i>Edinburgh.</i> Widow of Stephen Wellstood.				

SARAH ANN WEST, 74 5 12mo. 1897

Hull. Wife of Alfred West.

THEODORE WEST, 71 28 2mo. 1898

Darlington. A Minister.

Theodore West was the second son of the late William West, F.R.S., of Leeds, where he was born in Sixth Month, 1826. His parents sought to train their children in the fear of the Lord. Their rule was one of sympathy and love, and parent and child, when the latter had been guilty of serious wrong-doing, would kneel together to ask forgiveness for the fault and for help to overcome future temptation. On First-day afternoons the children were gathered together, and read verse by verse some passage from the Scriptures, their father questioning them and answering their questions, and explaining anything they did not understand. The good seed thus early sown was not sown in vain, but influenced for good the after-life of Theodore West and others in the family.

He spent his school-days first in his native town, and then at the Friends' School at York ; and afterwards was trained as a mechanical engineer. His working hours were long, yet on First-day afternoons he shared in the teaching of a school carried on by the Congregational Church

in Leeds, Friends there at that time having no Adult School. In later years at Darlington, with much interest he took some part in the work of the Adult Classes.

In 1853, after his first marriage, he emigrated to Sydney, living there for some time. He visited the gold fields ; and returned to England in 1862, and in 1865 removed to Darlington, where he resided for the rest of his life.

Theodore West was a warmly-attached member of the Society of Friends. He much enjoyed the silence in meetings for worship, and when living in "the bush" in Australia, it was his delight to worship God after our manner. He was recorded a minister by Darlington Monthly Meeting in 1867. He deeply felt the responsibility of this position, and exercised his gift in much humility, but with diligence and acceptance, till failing health prevented his attendance of meetings.

The bent of Theodore West's mind was towards scientific investigation. He was deeply interested in natural history, and loved to draw the attention of the young to the handiwork of the Creator, his desire being to lead their thoughts through Nature up to Nature's God,

often quoting the Psalmist's exclamation, "O God, how manifold are Thy works," and saying "how wonderful they are." He delivered very instructive lectures on various branches of natural history and other departments of science, seeking to encourage in his hearers the habit of careful observation and deduction, and to lead them to trace the finger of God in the world around them.

He loved his divine Master's service, and looked forward hopefully to a time when he should be able to devote himself more fully to it. This, however, was not granted to him, but instead, he was laid aside by loss of health, and for his last six years had to endure much suffering. But he bore it all in patience, never complaining, never murmuring, though the trial and disappointment were great to one of his love of mental activity. He much enjoyed the visits of his friends, welcoming them with smiling, grateful greeting. His cheerfulness and his gratitude for every act of kind attention were instructive to witness. He had no fear of death ; he knew whom he had believed, and, like Paul, was persuaded that He was able to keep that which he had committed to Him against that day ; and we believe he has now heard the glad welcome,

“ Well done ! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

With Christ ! O sweet companionship
 For one who walked by faith with Him
 Along his busy earthly course ;
 However mists or clouds might dim
 The rugged path that lay between
 The things of time and things unseen.

With Christ ! in life, in death, he knew
 In whom he had believed ; and now
 He sleeps in Jesus, and the seal
 Of God’s own peace is on his brow.
 No more can sin, or grief, or pain
 Trouble this ransomed one again.

With Christ ! henceforth his spirit shares
 The blessedness these words imply—
 The perfect love—faith changed to sight—
 Death swallowed up in victory.
 All earthborn shadows drawn aside,
 He sees Him, and is satisfied.

HANNAH E. WHITE, 77 16 11mo. 1897

Cork.

HENRY WIGHAM, 75 19 11mo. 1897

Killiney, Dublin. An Elder.

Henry Wigham was so well known in the

Society of Friends, and indeed in the philanthropic world, that but few words are required to present to our readers the earnest diligent worker in the cause of righteousness, temperance, and peace. He was the son of John Wigham (tertius) of Edinburgh, and Jane (née) Richardson of Whitehaven. His mother died when he was very young, and he and his younger brother shared the loving attentions of sisters a little older than himself. Along with them he laboured enthusiastically in his native city in the anti-slavery cause, and also took a leading part in Peace, Anti-capital Punishment, and kindred questions ; and was much esteemed and beloved.

In the year 1856 he removed to Dublin to join his brother in business, who, as well as his eldest sister, had been settled there for many years. Here again he entered on a career of activity and usefulness, devoting himself with ardour to what he believed would most tend to the welfare of his adopted country. The Sunday closing of public-houses was a special object of his indefatigable labour, and there are many who can bear witness to his faithful attendance, night after night, in the lobby of the House of Commons, watching for and seizing upon every opportunity of forwarding the work he had so

warmly at heart. He was rewarded by seeing a partial measure granted to Ireland, while, to the end of his life he faithfully laboured for the completion of that measure by its extension to the five "exempted towns"; and nearly his last message to his friends and fellow workers on his death bed was: "Go, tell them to *persevere.*"

In 1858 he married Hannah Maria Peile, daughter of George and Mary Peile, of Whitehaven, in whom he found a sympathetic fellow worker.

Any mention of Henry Wigham would be incomplete without allusion to his devoted adhesion to the principles and practices of the Society of Friends, of which he was a member by birth and true conviction. He was not a recorded minister, but those who listened to his words of loving exhortation, and to his earnest prayers, must have felt that they were dictated by the Holy Spirit of truth and love, who ruled his life and made him a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

His last illness was of short duration, and not accompanied by much suffering. His dying chamber was an abode of peace. As the days went by he was evidently drawing nearer

to his Saviour, and feeling His sweet presence more and more intimately. Once, alluding to the temperance and other work he had loved so dearly, he said, "I leave it all with God." He knew that it was infinitely more God's work than his, and that He would care for it. He was very thankful to have the constant presence of two of his sons during these last days, one of whom was about to return with his wife and family to his missionary work in China, and the other about to enter on similar work for his Lord in Pemba. He said, "It is trying to leave you all, but the prospect before me is a very happy and precious one." Once he seemed to be speaking with some one, but said when asked, "I was only speaking to my Lord. Oh He is very near, blessed be His name." He repeated the last verse of the xxiii Psalm, and uttered many glowing words of love for his friends in the seen and the unseen, and then, as peacefully as a child on his mother's breast, he fell asleep, to wake no more on earth. Those who looked on him remembered the words of the poetess :—

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Sweet spirit, rest thee now ;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

“ Dust to its narrow house beneath,
 Soul to its place on high ;
 They that have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.”

CHARLOTTE J. M. WILLIAMS, 2 9 4mo. 1898
Camberwell. Daughter of John H. and
 Elizabeth Williams.

HENRY WILMOT, 91 14 1mo. 1898
Bristol.

ANN WITHERS, 63 30 1mo. 1898
Luton. Wife of William Withers.

FREDERIC WOOD, 61 19 3mo. 1898
Burdrop, Sibford. A Minister.

Frederic Wood, second son of Benjamin and Anna Wood, was born at Tarbuck, near Liverpool, on the 14th of Third Month, 1837. Soon after his birth his parents went to reside at Newton in Bowland, his father taking the superintendence of the Friends' School there. At the age of nine he went to Ackworth, where he remained for a period of six years. At school he was a universal favourite, and though not fond of outdoor sports or pastimes, was ever ready to enter into any form of boyish fun or mischief. An old schoolfellow writes: “ He was a great favourite with us all for his humour and

geniality, and I can remember his quaint speeches to this day."

To this period he often alludes in after life, feeling that, perhaps through this inherent and innocent spirit of mirth, his teachers were often tried ; and he many a time feelingly spoke of their kind forbearance, especially remembering with gratitude the wise and loving tact of his beloved teacher, the late Thomas Puplett, to whose gentle Christ-like influence he owed much.

While he was at Ackworth his parents removed to Ireland, where Benjamin Wood undertook the duties of Superintendent of the Friends' School at Mountmellick. Whilst there, their son Frederic having left school, was apprenticed to Thomas Purves, a Friend carrying on a grocery and seed business in Wexford, who was a relative of the famous explorer, Mungo Park. Although he had now very long hours, his love of study led him to find time for mental improvement by rising early, and thus having a quiet hour or two before the business premises were opened at six a.m.

At the age of nineteen he was much interested in reading the Life of Captain Hedley Vicars, and it was through the instrumentality of this book that he was led to give his heart to the

Lord. Before this he had been under deep conviction of sin, and had passed through a season of great spiritual depression, months going by ere he obtained peace ; but when light at last broke in through the gloom, he felt like a new creature. The soul agony had been so intense that, for a time, his friends feared his health would entirely give way under the strain ; but who can now doubt that this trial was permitted, to give him a spiritual understanding and insight, which in after life should enable him wisely, lovingly and tenderly, to minister to others in a like extremity—a service he often accomplished in subsequent years, with wonderful results to the praise and glory of God. His life from this time was lived entirely for the Master, and he was ever ready to lend a helping hand to any project for the furtherance of the Gospel.

His bright individuality endeared him to all, and as one of those interested in the promotion of the Young Men's Christian Association in Wexford, he worked unsparingly in making it a success. About this time also he started a night school for young men and lads who were employed during the day, and soon had a list of pupils numbering about thirty. Many of these, who are now filling useful places in the world,

attribute their first real start in life to his untiring and loving influence.

In the autumn of 1863 he married Eliza Johnson, eldest daughter of Mordecai and Phebe Johnson, of Rose Hill, near Portadown, Co. Armagh. At this time he purchased the business of his employer, who retired, owing to increasing infirmities ; and, moving from the old place to more commodious premises, started on his own account.

He was very conscientious, and his influence for good was of a marked and far reaching character, as he preferred to suffer business losses rather than allow any practices which were not perfectly honourable and upright in every way. In this connection a Friend has written since his death : I found that in his business, as well as in his private life, he endeavoured to glorify his heavenly Father by his refined taste, his desire to give satisfaction, and by his upright business life."

About the year 1880, he bought a small printing machine for use solely in connection with his own trade ; but other business men, seeing the class of work executed, soon came begging him to print for them. In this way the business increased so much that, in time, it had to be again and again removed to more extensive

premises. Although he had never served any apprenticeship to the printing trade, he possessed such an inherent love of the beautiful and artistic, that soon his name became a household word amongst printers all over the world, and the firm gained a wide reputation. He employed a large staff of men, to whom, whether occupying the highest or the lowliest position in the works, he ever proved himself the wise friend and counsellor, taking a personal interest in each, and showing in many ways that he had their best welfare at heart. Many of these now testify to his Christ-like influence and words of advice, as often having been a means of great blessing and encouragement to them. A letter received from a former employee who had not heard of his death, says: "I have always felt you have taken an interest in my welfare, and to-day I am reaping some of the benefits of that interest. As I look back upon the past, the days spent in your employ appear as some of the brightest of my life." And in a letter to his daughter, another writes: "In the inscrutable workings of the Almighty, it has pleased Him to take away one who, by his affectionate and upright personality, endeared himself to all who had the privilege of knowing him. Always a true and loyal

friend, his was a character that is in truth rarely met with, and we have lost a friendship that on this earth is not to be replaced."

In 1875, he was recorded a minister by Wexford Monthly Meeting, his addresses having been most acceptable and helpful. Since then the same Monthly Meeting has, on various occasions, granted him minutes for service, both in England and Ireland. Friends much appreciated his visits, often writing of them afterwards as seasons of deep spiritual refreshment and encouragement.

His great sympathy with and for others, and his sweet humility were very noticeable. He was ever ready to forget self and think of others. Referring to the couplet on his memorial card, inserted at his special request :—

“ I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all,”

one Friend writes : “ They (the lines) so truly express the humility of our dear friend’s character, and his firm faith in Jesus Christ. I always so much admired this in him ; and his words and manner were so marked with reverence that it impressed the hearers with the deep importance of the spiritual truths being unfolded to them.”

Ever ready to extend the Kingdom of God, he on various occasions gave his aid to other denominations, frequently at the request of the circuit ministers taking services in the local Methodist churches. About 1883 he started a Bible Class for young ladies, and every Sixth-day night a number gathered together for prayer and the study of the Scriptures. These classes were very helpful, and were much appreciated by all who had the privilege of being present. He possessed a wonderful knowledge of the Bible, and his explanations and expositions of Scripture were the outcome of much earnest prayerful thought. To quote again from a letter received since his decease, a friend writes: "I always felt him to be one of the most chastened and deeply taught Christians in spiritual things I have had the privilege of knowing, and one feels that the Church on earth is all the poorer that he is no longer here."

In the spring of 1890 he attended Dublin Yearly Meeting, and while there was taken seriously ill, the doctor giving little hope of his recovery. But all through he felt that the Lord would raise him up, and that there was further work for him to do. Contrary to expectation he

gradually gathered strength, and was able to return home, where, after a while, he regained his wonted health. He was most anxious to have more opportunity for the Lord's work, feeling that much remained to be done, and that life was uncertain, and he eventually parted with his business, in the hope that when its ties were removed he would be more at liberty to be about the Master's work. But the Lord ordered it otherwise.

In the summer of 1897 he removed with his wife and daughter to England, settling down in the village of Sibford, Oxfordshire, where he quickly gained the love and respect of all. He took a great interest in the Adult School, and in various branches of Christian work, his ministry being much appreciated. But the Lord had need of His servant, and on the afternoon of Third Month 19th, 1898, took him to be for ever with Himself.

His illness, which lasted three weeks, was borne with sweet Christian fortitude and submission to the divine will. Ever thoughtful for others, it grieved him to give trouble, and he would often beg his nurses to take a rest. He suffered much at times from extreme weakness and exhaustion, but never a murmur passed his

lips ; ever the same bright, happy spirit to the end, encouraging those around him, and speaking words of comfort and consolation to his sorrowing loved ones. He looked forward with joyfulness to his release, and longed to be with his Saviour.

Very many have been the loving testimonies received since his departure, of the blessing which has rested on his life and labours ; and truly it can be said of him, " That he being dead, yet speaketh."

LUCY M. WOODS, 92 23 2mo. 1898

Nottingham.

THOMAS WOOLMAN, 66 21 3mo. 1898

Stockton-on-Tees.

WILLIAM WOOLSTON, 81 19 9mo. 1898

Wellingborough. An Elder.

WILLIAM WORKMAN, 80 20 9mo. 1898

Gloucester.

DINAH J. WRIGHT, 87 20 4mo. 1898

Esher. Wife of Thomas Wright.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, 37 25 6mo. 1898

St John's Wood.

PARDOE YATES, 39 27 9mo. 1898

Wilton, near Salisbury.

ALFRED YEARDLEY, 65 6 6mo. 1898

Bristol.

Infants whose names are not inserted :—

		Boys.	Girls.
Under three months	.	1	0
From three to six months	.	2	1
From six to twelve months	.	3	1

WILLIAM UHRICH DITZLER.

Taken from a Memorial issued by the Monthly Meeting of Friends of the Western District of Philadelphia.

William Uhrich Ditzler, son of Christian and Christina Ditzler, was born near Lebanon, in Pennsylvania, on the 3rd of First Month, 1821, and died at his residence near Downingtown, on the 2nd of First Month, 1897, aged nearly seventy-six years.

His father, a tailor by occupation, served at times as a minister in meetings of the Lutheran congregation of his birthplace, which, under the name of the "Church of Mount Zion," had been established under the ministry of his ancestor, who was among the early German immigrants into Pennsylvania. His father sought carefully to imbue his children's minds with the teachings of his church. His mother was tenderly con-

cerned for the spiritual blessing of her son, the more so when she saw, when he was three years of age, that she must soon depart this life. It is believed that her earnest travail of spirit before her decease, for a blessing on her child, and her strong supplications for his dedication to God were signally answered in all the way in which he was afterwards led.

It was in the time of his early boyhood that there came a remarkable deepening of spiritual interest in the congregation of which his family was a part. Such a divine solemnity overspread the meeting that the choir could no longer proceed with the music. For some four years the organ was closed, and the worshippers often sat under a holy covering of divine power, and of that praise which "is silent for Him in Zion."

For a few years during his youth he was much confined in or near his home by a lameness which kept him from the usual diversions of boyhood, and gave him much time for thought and meditation. In his fifteenth year he attended the meetings of a Methodist body, called Evangelical Friends. In this period he was visited with a clear sense of his state by nature and of the awfulness of sin, to such a degree that he told his father he was "lost."

His father called upon the members of his congregation to pray for his distressed boy. At length relief came. William was sitting alone, as was his wont, upon the stones in an old quarry. "This text of Scripture," he writes, "was powerfully applied to my mind: 'The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins,' which was accompanied with such a sweet heavenly sensation that I did believe that the Lord had passed by my former transgressions and adopted me amongst His children." Such heavenly light and peace filled his heart that everything inwardly and outwardly, he said, seemed changed as in a moment. So that when he went home he could say, "Now, father, I know I am *not* lost!"

His brief written account of this period continues thus: "My father, by this time, heard of my going to the Evangelical Friends, and he began to oppose me and force me to go to the Lutheran Church to be confirmed. I submitted to it, but only attended three times, and in six months after I joined in full membership with the Evangelical Methodists, which exasperated my father so much that he took me away from school. . . . In consequence of this I lost a large share of learning."

While sitting before the large open fireplace one day, about this time, he saw a panorama, as he expressed it, of his history for the coming half-century. It seemed to start with laying aside his crutches and leaving his father's house, to travel alone upon unknown roads to a great city, which appeared clearly before him, with its many streets, houses, and steeples, where he would live, moving in and out as a minister of the everlasting Gospel. All this seemed more than he could believe ; so that he exclaimed (in his native German), " Impossible ! Impossible !" which his father overhearing, inquired the cause.

It had long been the cherished purpose of his father and friends to see William follow in the footsteps of his ancestors for some generations as a minister of the Gospel. But the spirituality of the Gospel dispensation was becoming unfolded to the boy's mind, including the nature of Christ's baptism as the true successor of that of John by water, and the new and spiritual communion as the true advance beyond the passover-form with bread and wine. Other forms, like the saying of " grace " at meals, confirmation, and stated exercises as worship were growing more and more questionable to him.

One day, while standing at a railroad station, he observed at a window of a train a man and two women in a peculiar garb, which called forth his inquiry who they were. He was told they were some Quakers from Philadelphia : that they did not believe in water baptism, paid ministry, war, etc. A desire at once sprang up in his mind to know more of such people, who held views of the Christian religion of which he was already secretly persuaded.

His radical difference from his father's views concerning the so-called sacraments became in due time manifest. Stringent measures were taken to bring him into conformity with the practice of his church, but without avail. Intercourse with others was cut off by solitary confinement for a whole week or more, to give him an opportunity to come to what was deemed a right mind on that question. But neither argument, fear, nor persuasion could change his views as to the purely spiritual aspect of Christ's doctrine ; and after some years his father became reconciled to his son's course.

At length he felt that his true home lay in the direction where the drawings of Truth seemed to lead him. He found his way to

Philadelphia when about nineteen years of age. There he very soon saw men and women in the garb in which Friends were first presented to his view. He followed them till he found himself sitting in their meeting for worship. He was so impressed with the reality of the worship in that silent waiting that he mentally exclaimed: "This meeting is my meeting, and this people is my people!"

His own account of this meeting is as follows: "Some time past I went to a Friends' or Quakers' meeting, where I saw a number of people sitting together in silence, with which I was very much struck. Many of them appeared to be gathered into a state of holy introversion from every earthly object, and the countenances of many of them evinced that they held communion with God. My spirit was much refreshed (though there was no word spoken), which made me desire to go again. The next time I went, a man Friend stood up, I may say, as some said of Christ formerly, 'as one having authority, and not as the scribes.' This induced me to inquire more particularly into their doctrine and mode of worship. I afterwards understood that they made it their business in meeting to gather into the name of Christ, in

order to feel His power and blessed presence to influence them in all their religious services. This they consider a necessary requisite for a Gospel minister, in order to enable him to speak in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power, and to baptise the hearers so that they may be strengthened and edified together."

After this, in the middle of the week as well as on First-days, he steadily attended the meetings of Friends. He found employment at a tailoring shop kept by a party who had no sympathy with his mid-week attendance of meetings. They withheld his day's pay, one dollar, every time he attended the Fourth-day meeting. This did not deter him from the regular practice; and he would return from his two-hours' absence, and faithfully work the remaining hours of the day. Interested fellow-boarders found a better situation for him, and he eventually, under a guiding and over-ruling Providence, became largely blessed in means.

A time came when, in one of these meetings, he was drawn to kneel in prayer, which was uttered in the German tongue. A Friend, who understood the words, described them as of a very touching character. Elders in the meeting began to manifest an increased

interest in him, advising him to use the English Bible instead of his Luther's version, and directing his reading in the standard writings of Friends.

After coming of age he was much exercised in mind as to applying to be received into membership in our religious Society. In earnest meditation concerning this step, he would sometimes walk in his room or in the open air till the early hours of morning. After he had left the question with the Meeting his heart was peacefully lightened, as if all the responsibility was lifted from him. It was some three years before he was received into membership. Time was thus taken to prove the stability of his purpose, and the sureness of his growth in the truth.

The innocent, earnest, and devout character of the lad early endeared him to such elders and concerned Friends as Jane Johnson, H. Regina Shober, Marmaduke C. and Sarah W. Cope, Thomas Wistar, and Mary Ann Lloyd, who were warmly interested in watching over him for good. One day he was sitting in the parlour of M. A. Lloyd, when Stephen Grellet came in, to whom the young man was introduced. On being left alone with him, Stephen Grellet's mouth was opened in a flow of prophetic ministry, en-

couraging William to look neither to the right nor to the left in following the high calling which was before him in the ministry of the everlasting Gospel.

In the interest of righteousness he obtained interviews with two successive Archbishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Philadelphia, appearing in their presence without removing his hat. He also paid a noteworthy visit to the present mayor of the city soon after his entrance into office. After some interchange of kindly words, a silence came upon them, and at length our dear friend opened his mouth in testimony for the righteousness which exalteth a nation, and against sin which is its reproach : and he set forth the high future in store for his hearer, should he maintain his integrity, and be faithful to the Divine witness in his heart. As he offered a solemn and feeling prayer for a blessing upon the Executive of so great a city, the few present were bowed as in the Divine presence. The mayor has since taken occasion to acknowledge his appreciation of the grace of love shown in such a man ; and the present Archbishop has borne similar testimony.

While a young man, and in middle life, William U. Ditzler's leisure time was largely

occupied in visiting the poor and distressed in the slums of the city, and in teaching them the word and way of life. He became a familiar figure at night in these haunts of misery, and way was always made for him even by the most degraded, who offered him no violence, but viewed him with respect as a man of God. He was especially faithful as a visitor to the prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary, and instances could be given of the good influence of his labour there.

But to return to the earlier period ; we note that after his admission into our religious Society, he occasionally spoke in meetings for worship. His use of the English language improved as he grew in faithfulness and in grace, and his utterances became more and more marked by life, weight and solemnity. His gift in the ministry was acknowledged by his Monthly and Quarterly Meetings in 1867, when he was forty-six years of age. His vocal service in his own meeting never became frequent, but was singularly impressive, awakening and reaching to the witness for truth in men's hearts, as a gospel trumpet giving no uncertain sound. During these earnest engagements, and in the solemn silence which followed, meetings would seem

covered as with the divine presence ; and many, in departing to their homes, would say : " Truly, God hath not forgotten his people !" Especially under his devout exercise in vocal prayer was there a manifest overshadowing of the Divine anointing. The holy solemnity spread as from heart to heart, bowing the congregation under a sense of the majesty of the King of Heaven.

The life and power of his ministry was more especially witnessed during his visits to neighbourhoods away from the city. His first travelling in the service of the gospel was in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, mostly during the year 1868. Its progress was a severe trial of his faith and dedication. But through all apparent obstacles a way was made, to his own admiration and the satisfaction of the visited. On one occasion, when refused admission to a house, a holy boldness empowered him to claim entrance and lodging. Before he left it, the hearts of the heads of the family were tendered and contrited under the power of gospel love and faithfulness. At one place, having mounted a horse-block in front of a building, while his companion, a minister, was engaged within it, he preached with power to the assembled out-door company ; and a remarkable religious awakening in that

neighbourhood is said to have followed this meeting. Various visits, for which he obtained minutes from his Monthly Meeting, included labour with mill-hands and operatives, prisoners and inmates of charitable institutions, westward as far as Columbus, Ohio, and eastward to the sea-coast of New Jersey.

At a meeting appointed in a school-house, a man was present whose boast it was to break up religious meetings. His mockery of the speaker's voice was subdued on this occasion by a power felt while the speaker stood silent in the midst of his sermon. Feeling this man's state as a burden on his mind, William with his companion and an elder, drove early in the morning to the man's residence, and induced him and his wife to listen to the expression of concern for their souls' welfare. Before they left the room, both the man who had seemed so hardened, and his wife, were on their knees with contrited hearts begging for divine mercy.

While engaged in preaching to the prisoners at Reading, Pennsylvania, several men and women from the town being also present, he made some attempts to use his customary expression, "My brethren and sisters"; but felt a stop in his mind before reaching the word

“sisters.” In one instance near the end he succeeded in saying, “My brethren and sister”; but was prevented by the same check from uttering the word “sisters” in the plural. At the close of the meeting several who knew, as he did not, that among the four hundred in the audience, some of them women, there was but *one* female prisoner, expressed their admiration at his preservation in the truth. His only explanation was that it was by simply minding his Guide.

This quickness to heed the constraints and restraints of inward instruction, served him better than worldly wisdom in much of his daily walk and conversation. On one occasion, having dined with his sister in the southern part of the city, notwithstanding her entreaties and the rain, he felt he must walk instead of taking the street-car to his place of business. On the way he was addressed by a young woman who, observing his garb, asked him if he was not a “Quaker Friend.” Assured that he was, she proceeded to give an account of herself as the daughter of a Florida general, and having come north to study. As they were about parting near his place of business, she said, “Perhaps you will not approve of my object in studying. I am

taking lessons in elocution to qualify me as an actress for the stage." His answer was, "Oh! I am sorry for that. My young friend, if thou pursue this course, darkness will be thy portion. But 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.'" Some two weeks afterwards she entered his office, and told him that those words had been ringing in her ears ever since ; and she had found no peace until she had resolved to give up her prospect of the stage, and to devote her life, though much against her parent's views, to the good of benighted natives in a foreign land. At length he received a letter from her, written in Siam, showing that she was there, engaged in what she believed was her mission.

During part of one summer, while his foreman was gone to dinner, he felt drawn, day after day, to go to a desk at the rear of his shop, and there at an open window to read aloud passages from the Bible." This seemed a singular proceeding for him. He had never done it before, and never did so again. Several weeks afterwards a well-known Episcopalian minister came into his room and informed William that he had been the means of saving one of his parishioners. William could not see how or

when. "Were you not in the habit last summer," said the visitor, "of reading aloud by your back window, passages from the holy Scriptures?" "I was," he answered. "Yes," replied the minister, "and there was, in one of the rooms above, a young woman in a state of decline, with whom all my labours for the turning of her heart to God were without effect. She would have nothing to do with religion or pious advice. At length she heard your voice ringing out upon the air in passages of Scripture. Day after day she listened intently to your readings of the Bible. A deep impression was made on her conscience, and she at length gave up to repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ; and she died in the peace of redeeming love."

His firm confidence in the clear openings of Truth on his mind, seemed one of his strongest traits. He must see a truth for himself before he would adopt it; and that which the Witness for truth in his heart had once shown him, was invincible by argument or persuasion. It is not to be supposed that this tenacity of mind would always escape the holding of erroneous ideas, for he was not exempt from human error.

His daily vocation was not pursued entirely

for gain, but also for the employment of others, and to give him a central stand in the city for what he regarded as a daily mission service. Thither men of all persuasions loved to resort, ministers of various denominations, concerned Friends of his own fellowship, and young men and women needing fatherly sympathy and counsel, all held by the charm of his interest in them, and even at times by the blessing of his reproof. Through all his conversation there was an exaltation of the spirit above the letter, of faith above discouragement, of generosity above prejudice, of the heavens above the earth. Several ministers of other denominations are believed to have had the spiritual quality of their teaching improved, through the new light in which, in these interviews, they saw the gospel dispensation presented. And it is believed that not a few young Friends learned to regard him as a nursing father ; and in the type of religion which he represented, they recognised a living argument for Quakerism.

In the year 1874, William U. Ditzler, feeling that his service in Western District Monthly Meeting had ceased, and that a Divine call was extended to him to transfer his membership to Uwchlan Monthly Meeting, moved to a residence

which he purchased near Downingtown, and thenceforward laboured faithfully for the spiritual welfare of the meeting and people of that neighbourhood, yet coming almost daily to his usual occupation in Philadelphia. Seals to his ministry were manifest in that place, and the church was in a marked degree edified. At length, feeling that he had for twelve years expended the most earnest labours of his lifetime in that meeting, and that he was now excused from further service therein, he believed that the Lord had need of him in Philadelphia. His certificate of removal was granted in 1887, and he was sincerely welcomed back to the meeting which had been his first home in our religious Society. But he continued his residence in Downingtown, and came thirty miles to his meetings for worship in the city on First-day mornings, as regularly as to his business on weekdays. His service in the meeting was largely in silence, and bore impressive testimony to that worship and communion which is in spirit and in truth.

Almost as an evening sacrifice, in the year 1889, he felt drawn in gospel love to revisit those meetings in New Jersey which he had earliest visited, and also many of the prisons and charit-

able institutions within the borders of the Yearly Meeting. This service extended through four years, to evident comfort, edifying, and awakening in many parts of the field. During a visit within the limits of Delaware County, he heard that a certain tavern was the headquarters of a fox-hunting association, in which many men of the surrounding country had an interest. A concern at once fell on him to hold a meeting at that house for the good of that class of people. Attempts were made from time to time to arrange for this meeting, but no way seemed to open. After some two years, word was brought to him that the proprietor of the hotel had died, and his funeral would be held on the morrow. William Ditzler at once felt that this was his long-deferred opportunity. He proceeded to the place, and found that the priest who was expected to conduct the services, was prevented from coming. Whilst waiting for the appointed time, our friend had a tendering interview with the widow and family in their private room. Another minister being obtained, he consented for William to occupy a short time after the close of the stated service. When the opportunity arrived, and the new voice began to be heard, all that could crowd into the hall-way and rooms from out-of-doors at

once flocked in, and stood as it were amazed at the demonstration of the spirit and of power in which the gospel message rang forth for their warning and turning from the power of Satan unto God, and unto Him that taketh away the sin of the world. When he ceased, the minister embraced him with joy for the Divine visitation, the crowd respectfully parted to let him go forth, and a solemn impression is spoken of as abiding among the people for days. Some who were present came on the next First-day to his regular meeting for worship in the city; and occasionally men of that class have stopped him in the street to acknowledge the impression made on their feelings upon that occasion.

During the period of these labours he was prostrated with a severe attack of pneumonia. His physician, when he had seen the fever pass what was deemed the fatal mark, took an opportunity to say to him, "If you have anything to say, say it; or to sign, sign it." To his surprise his patient began to recover. The doctor said to him, "This unexpected turn for the better is due to your simple and temperate habits of life. You never took alcoholic drinks, you never chewed nor smoked tobacco, you have never been indulgent of appetite. Had any of

these been your practice, you could not have survived the violence of this attack. Your pure and clean life has saved you." But William U. Ditzler had seen in his sickness a vision of a further extended time before him which he must occupy for others' good. While never free from much bodily infirmity after his illness, he was especially a sufferer during the last two years of his life, in consequence of a severe accident.

He bore his daily sufferings with great fortitude, continuing, when possible, his regular journeys to his city store, constantly waiving his own sense of pain, and hiding his anxiety on behalf of those near and dear to him, that in self forgetfulness he might enter into the states and troubles of those who so much resorted to his society. At length a final attack of pneumonia laid him low, and after a week, passed mostly in apparent unconsciousness, he entered, we cannot but believe, into the reward enjoyed by those, who, having turned many to righteousness, shine as the stars for ever and ever.

The foregoing incidents in the life of our valued Friend have been adduced to show the sufficiency of Divine grace for man, when heed is given to it. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." It is

not to intellectual ability or culture, that his life and power in the ministry can be ascribed ; but it was his childlike trust in the immediate and perceptible direction of the Spirit of Christ. This gave him success in word and in work, only as it was permitted to prevail. His eye was kept remarkably single to this guidance, in the love and patience of Christ, whose gentleness made him great. It invested and imbued him with a rare sweetness of spirit and a tender sympathy of heart, to such a degree that even the worldly minded took knowledge of him that he was with Jesus. That steadfast adherence to the inward and Holy Witness, which was the characteristic of his career, is essential, as he believed, to bring the church of his choice, as it did his own life, out of the wilderness, and to give it once more that shining place among men, of which his life was an illustration.

